JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 17, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1444.

SAVE THE DOOMED 300,000! SEE PAGES 22 and 23.

JOHN BULL

Is it anaemia that is ruining your looks?

How can you hope to be well or to look well if anæmia is undermining your health ? If your system doesn't replenish your blood, whence can it draw the energy to keep you bright and lively, to maintain your looks or your complexion ?

If you feel you are losing your looks and your vivacity, just try the plan doctors have been recommending for over 50 years. Take a glass of Wincarnis at 11 in the morning, one in the afternoon and another before you go to bed.

You'll be surprised at the result. With the first delicious glass you take—and it is delicious—you will feel new life and new vigour stealing through your veins. That very night you will sleep better than you have for months because Wincarnis' first effect is to soothe irritated nerves. You will wake up properly refreshed and invigorated. You will find you eat with a better appetite and get more benefit from your food. You will have a keener zest for work, get a greater pleasure out of play.

Wincarnis is simply the purest of fine wine with all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes added to the strengthening elements of the best beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It is much more than a stimulant ; it creates rich, new blood and builds up permanent reserves of strength and vigour.

Do you know that over 20,000 recommendations have been given by medical men who have proved in actual practice the value of Wincarnis for all cases of neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, weakness, convalescence and run-down conditions generally? Can you afford to neglect such an amazing testimonial?

From any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist 5/6 and 3/3 a bottle.

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THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3.

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ALL ROUND VALUE
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 29.

OVER 1,500,000 LISTENERS use a PIX

because it separates those stations that overlap each other.

FIX A PIX

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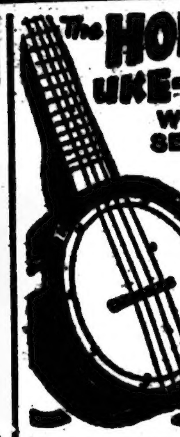

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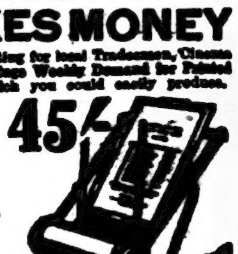

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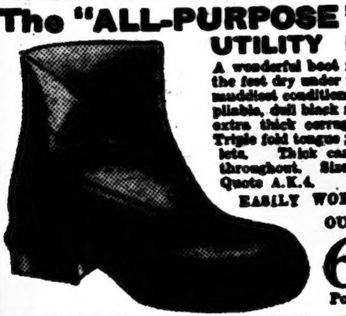

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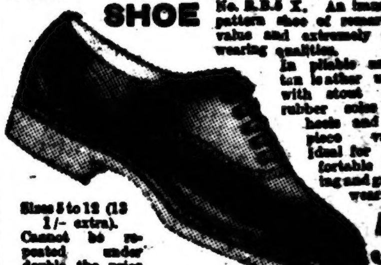

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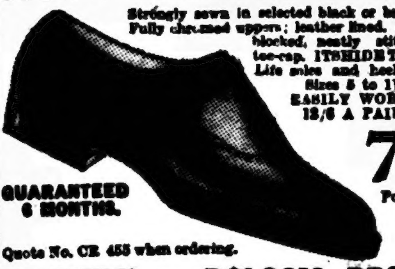

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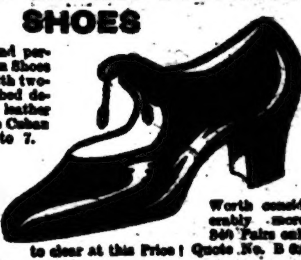

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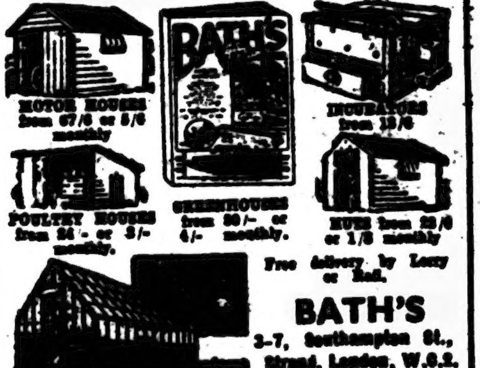

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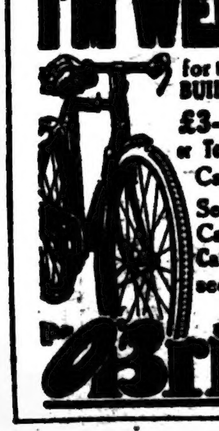

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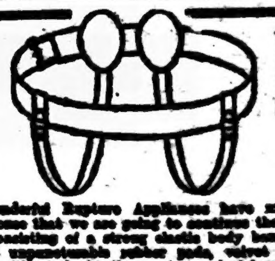

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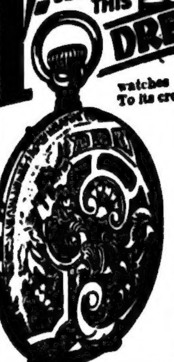

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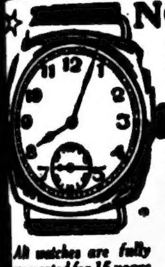

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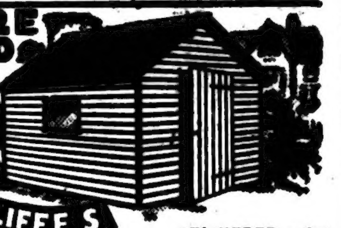

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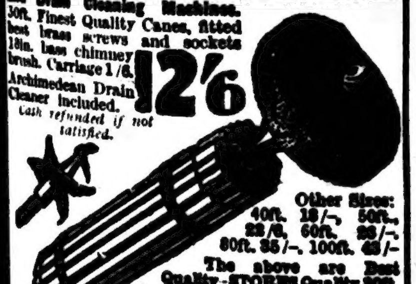

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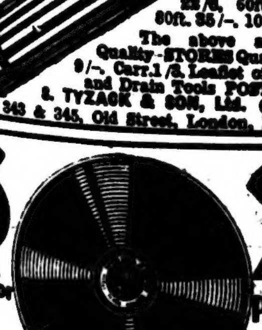

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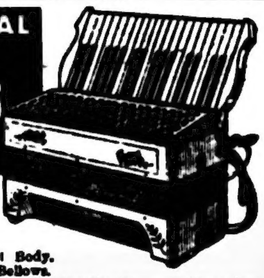

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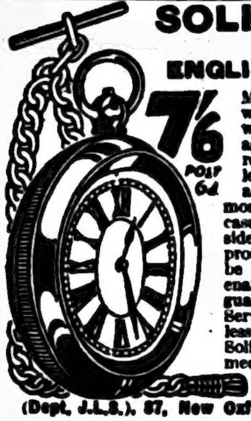

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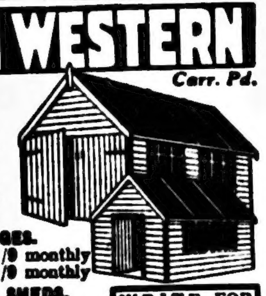

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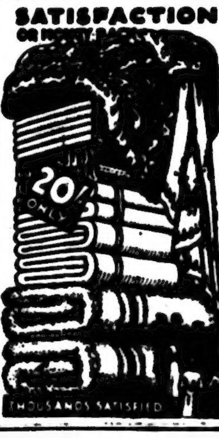

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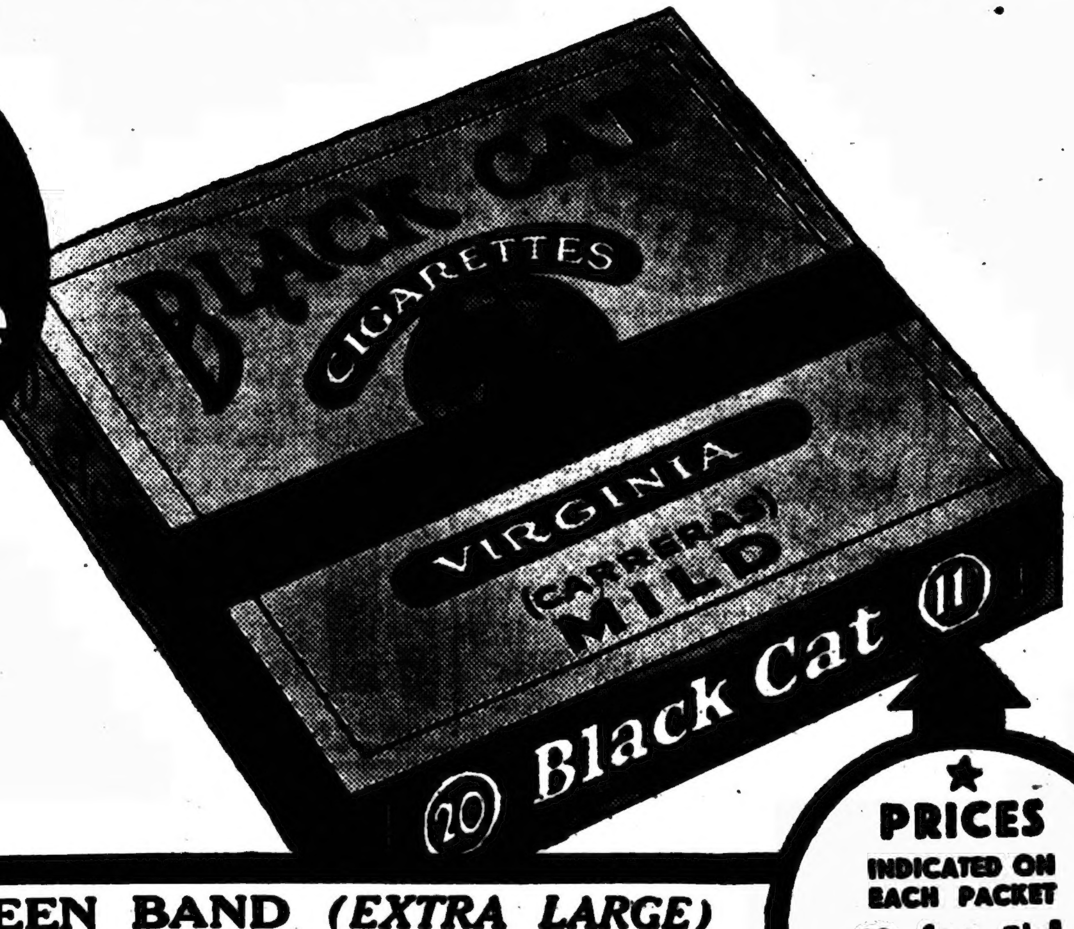
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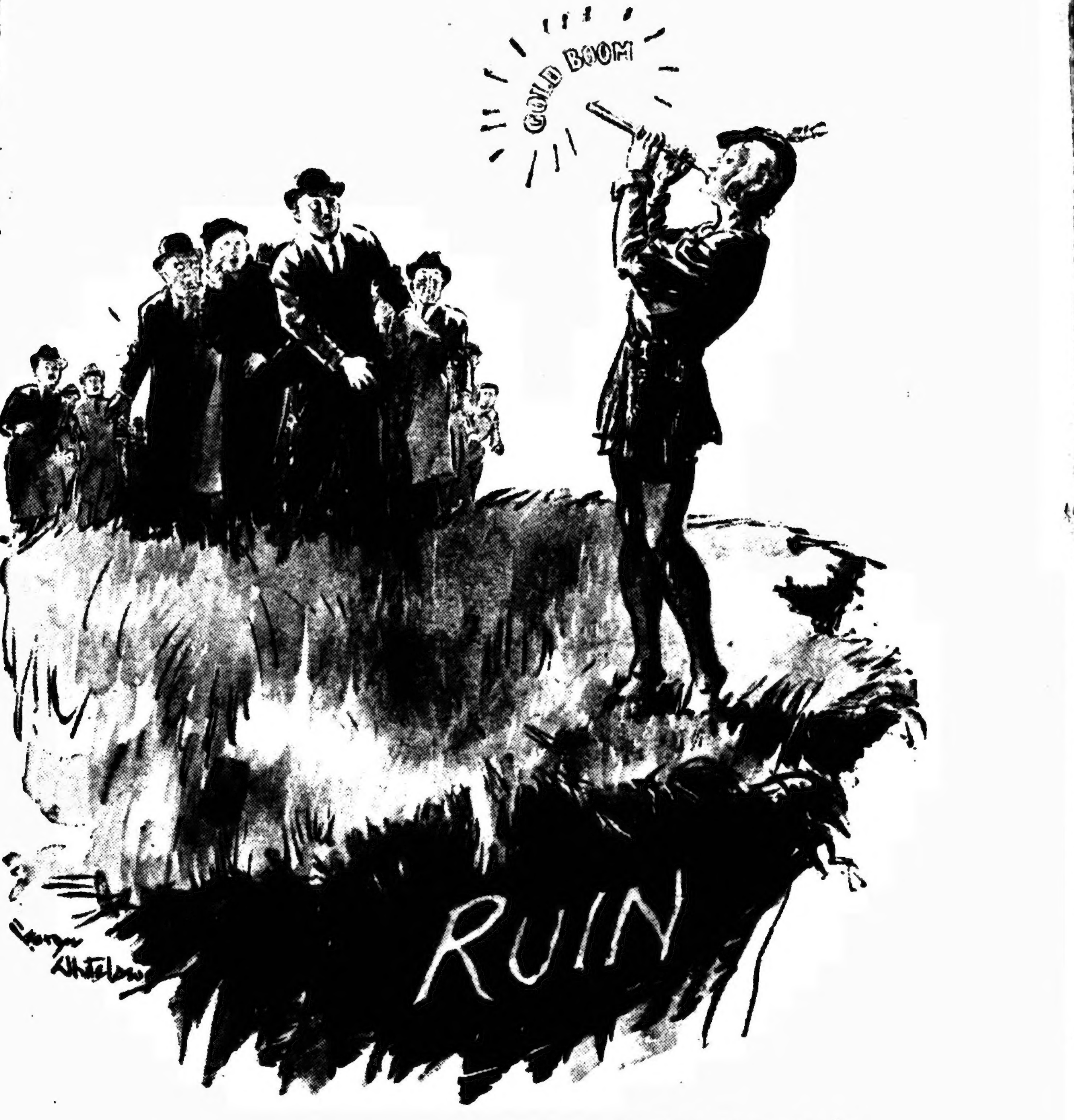


Don't let the Pied Piper of the Gold "Boom" lure you to ruin

THROGMORTON STREET has been very busy.

The whole nation has been told of the colossal "gold rush" fortunes said to have been made during the last few days by a few lucky people within the City's square mile.

That rosy picture has also been painted in some of the newspapers—so much so that in the minds of many people there must have been aroused the perilous thought: "If they can do it, why cannot I?"

We hope none of our readers will be so foolish or misguided as to risk their savings by listening to the seductive music of the Pied Pipers who are boosting the "gold boom."

Big operators in the closest touch with market and Governmental manipulations may or may not have made huge additions to their bank balances during the past few days.

But certainly the small man will be bitten heavily unless he has the good sense to keep clear of the "gold bug."

Let him remember that the present boom has nothing to do with the return of Prosperity, and is the most artificial in all the recent hectic history of the gold market. It has come about purely because of the arbitrary fixing of the price of gold in one country—America. It is a will o' the wisp, created by the decision of one man—President Roosevelt.

If his mind changes, so will the price of gold, and so will the boom become a boomerang.

But our warning goes beyond the present situation.

DOWN in the City the stage is being set for another big boom in speculation. There, the company shark and bogus promoter are boosting the gold boom in order to stampede the small investor into a wave of crazy buying of other shares.

There are all the indications that the trap is being well laid.

In the joint stock banks there is now over £2,000 million held on deposit, representing for the most part the savings and the "nest eggs" of the nation, the countless "small investors" who have frozen it there after the panics of the Depression.

It is that golden stream which the market riggers, the bucket-shop keepers and all the other "white collar" bandits want to tap.

They are the people in the City who most of all want the small investor back—for their own ends.

They are the people who are going to profit from the coming boom, which will be bred out of gold; the people who will launch their crazy financial craft on the false confidence born from the gold-rush profits, and on the true confidence which has been created out of the very real progress which British industry has recently made.

THERE will be the same frantic issues for new and untried processes and inventions, the same tactics, the same spell-binding methods to put them over.

Between the small investor and the campaigns of pillage which are now being prepared there is only his (or her) own caution and good common sense. Nothing else.

He cannot count on all the promises of protection and overhaul of our existing financial system which were so warmly offered by the authorities of the Stock Exchange and the Board of Trade after past crashes. Those promises have apparently been forgotten.

Where is the law which was to make it an offence to deal in shares before issue, a fruitful source of past disasters?

Where is the law which was to restrict all dealings in stocks and shares to members of the Stock Exchange, a law which would have made the Stock Exchange extend and make adequate its services, and would have driven the "bucket-shop" keeper out of existence?

Where is the law which was to define and make plain the responsibility of banks, stockbrokers and auditors on whose advice shares are bought and sold?

On the legal side, almost the sole thing achieved are some slight amendments to the Companies Acts, strengthening the responsibilities of directors.

But it is still possible for the bogus promoter to drive a horse and cart through the provisions of that Act.

On the domestic side of the City's workings there is the same record of apathy and neglect in the face of past lessons. The Stock Exchange promised to set its house in order. Has it done so?

Take the "half commission" men, for instance. There are estimated to be over a thousand of them working in the City. "Customers' men," they are sometimes called.

Their job is to persuade people to buy or sell stocks and shares through their firms. Yet it is a safe estimate that 80 per cent. of them have no real knowledge of the stocks and shares about which they are so glibly persuasive.

They come and go, pleasantly personable young men. They are the heels, the wings, of rumour—usually false, It has been abundantly proven that they play a major part in wild surges of share prices. They are unconscious tools of the market riggers, the bogus promoter. A U.S. banker recently described them as "corporals of disaster."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, as part of the Wall Street overhaul, compelled the Exchange there to regularise and restrict the "half commission" men, and to put those who remain under strict rules as to how, when, and where they may canvass for business.

This week he has gone further. A Bill is now before the Senate which gives the Federal Trade Commission drastic control over American Stock Exchanges.

We challenge our own Stock Exchange to produce tangible evidence that it has now made it impossible for the share-pushers and the bogus promoters to repeat their past shady exploits.

That was its manifest duty to the investors of this country. That action was implicit in the promises of overhaul which it made in 1930, the big year of crashes.

Where is the new broom which was to sweep clean? Or is it to be the new *boom* which is to sweep clean—the investors' pockets again?

We want to know.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Starved Mother: A Lesson Not to be Forgotten

Lunacy's 1s. 6d.-a-Day Slaves

A Faint Heart—and a Fighter

IT will be some time before the country recovers from the shock it has had over the case of Mrs. Hickley, of Hampstead.

This poor mother, finding the burden of her unemployed husband and three hungry young children too much for her, put her head in a gas-oven.

Unfortunately, there is nothing unusual in that.

The doctor did it

Indeed, the tragedy of Mrs. Hickley might never have been known outside her own circle and the coroner's court but for the doctor who made the post-mortem examination.

He happened to be a prominent Harley Street specialist, and a Member of Parliament as well—Conservative, let it be noted.

So what he said got publicity. And what he said was that Mrs. Hickley had starved herself so that her children should not go short of food on the mere pittance of 14s. 6d. a week that her husband received as unemployment transitional benefit.

Nothing for mother!

Mr. Hickley, it has since come out in Parliament, could have got more had he gone to the Public Assistance Committee.

But unfortunately he didn't.

Of course he had no idea that his wife was starving herself for the sake of her children. Wives who do that sort of thing—and, alas! far too many of them are forced to do it—usually do it quietly.

That is the essence of their heroism. "I'll have it later," they say, when there is nothing on the table for them.

Wake up, Westminster!

We think there are two morals in all this, and here they are:—

For the benefit of all the other mothers who, like Mrs. Hickley, "go without" so that their children shan't go hungry, we hope our legislators at Westminster will put the "dole" cuts back without more palaver.

We hope, too, they'll haggle less about that extra sixpence for the unemployed's children.

Robbing the maimed

We are sometimes tempted to say that we neither understand the mentality of our Ministers nor want to.

For years we have waged a campaign against one of the most abominable of scandals. We have told how thousands of miners, maimed by accidents in the pit, cannot get a penny compensation because the colliery companies have gone into liquidation.

We have constantly pleaded for a system of insurance to prevent such heartless injustice.

Official nonsense

Well, an M.P. raised the matter in Parliament last week. The Home Secretary admitted that the position wasn't "satisfactory"; he said he was trying to arrive at some mutual understanding with the coalowners.

"But it is very difficult," he complains.

What humbug! We know that Parliament could pass a Bill in an hour to force mineowners to insure, just as it forced motorists.

Diddling for ever!

And, after all, "diddlum clubs" are to stay.

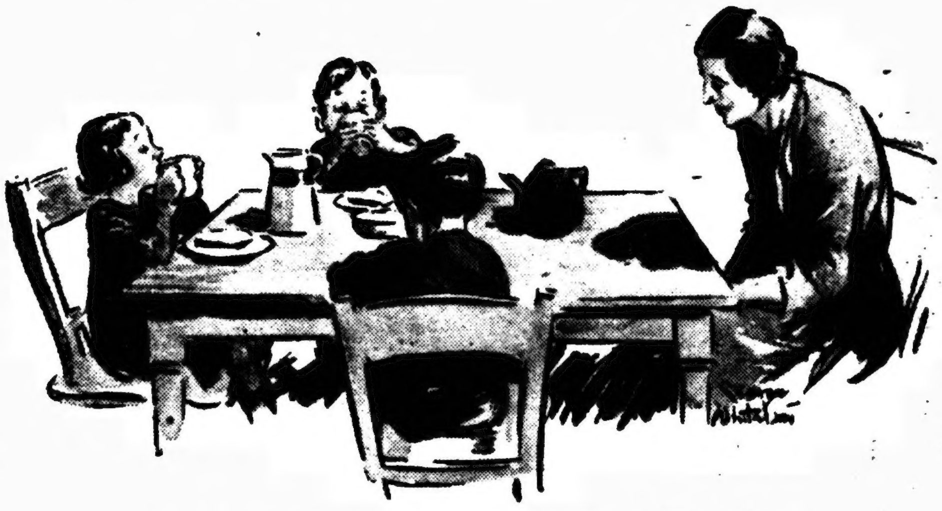
Mr. Neville Chamberlain confesses now that the experts can't draw up a Bill to control them. So, we fear, thrifty poor people who put their sixpences away will continue to be defrauded and club secretaries exposed to needless temptation.

We pay our Attorney-General £20,000 a year. Can't he suggest a way of stopping this evil?

Pride or pity?

Another thing that baffles us is the remark of the South Staffordshire coroner.

After eighteen years of suffering, a Wolverhampton ex-soldier died from tuberculosis contracted during his war service. Whereupon the coroner told his widow that she ought to be very proud because he died for his country after greater suffering than most!



Many a mother "goes without" that her children shall not go hungry

We are all for love of one's country, but those who are condemned by it to years of misery deserve our pity rather than our pride.

Cause and effect

And we are bitterly ashamed that ex-Service men and others who are unemployed should be deprived of their medical benefits and, when they are ill, made to go like paupers to the poor law doctors.

Of course, we are not criticising the poor law doctors, though we do wonder what will happen when an epidemic comes along and they are swamped with new patients.

And what of the panel doctors? Those in Wigan have lost 120 patients each. Why should they be victimised?

The patient's dilemma

That is a case of injustice to people who can't afford to pay for medical attention. Now—would you believe it! —it is proposed to hamper those who can afford to pay.

For a committee of the British Medical Association wants to make it more difficult for a private person to give up one doctor for another.

We can only say of that: What a piece of impertinence!

Taking our advice

As for those impudent folk who try to recover debts by sending dunning letters resembling official orders of a county court, their dodge will soon be punishable by a fine of £50.

We need hardly say that we're glad Parliament has at last taken our advice on this matter.

Safer roads

Naturally, too, we are pleased that the Minister of Transport has adopted our suggestion for reducing the toll of the roads.

Our plan for providing double white lines, between which pedestrians might cross the road in safety, is already being tried out.

We shall watch with interest the progress of the experiments.

Lunacy slaves

And it's good to see some Nottingham councillors supporting our frequent protests against the slave methods of the lunacy bosses.

They are angry because girls are hired out from a city asylum as servants for ten hours a day and paid only 1s. 6d.—or less than twopence an hour.

They say that if these "patients" are well enough to work, they are well enough to live at home without burdening the ratepayers. And only the Board of Lunacy Control will disagree.

Angry judges

We are also glad that two judges lost their tempers the other day. If that seems strange—well, just listen.

A Liverpool woman, charged with bigamy, had lived happily with a man for ten years. The proceedings had been started through an anonymous letter being sent to the police.

Mr. Justice Swift angrily described the letter as "wicked and cruel," and its writer as a "miserable busybody."

Bad for busybodies

We aren't surprised that the judge declared: "If the writer were in the dock I should deal with him or her much more severely than I shall deal with this woman."

We know that bigamy can't be condoned.

But we also know, as we are sure Mr. Justice Swift knows, that a great deal more harm is done by interfering gossip-mongers than bigamists.

Heartless tricksters

Mr. Justice Humphreys was enraged for a different reason. Before him, at Leicester, appeared a baker who had cruelly defrauded unemployed men.

The judge was so angry that he postponed sentence for some days until he could think the matter over in calmness; then he sent the man to jail for twenty-one months.

A stiff sentence; but we shouldn't have been very sorry if the judge had passed sentence while he was still irate.

The lesser mortals

We were sorry to read about the young London man who committed suicide because he lacked self-confidence, "thought everybody better than himself," and even gave up his job because he felt ashamed to take his pay.

His case may be exceptional, but we all know of those timid souls who drift unhappily through life, though with a little courage they would be just as successful as those they envy.

We know it isn't easy to overcome an "inferiority complex," but they won't fail if only they try!

The fighting spirit

Let them read, mark and learn the lesson of young Will Robinson, of Norwich.

He's only sixteen—a labourer by day and a boxer by night, and he's literally fighting for his home. An orphan, he is trying to earn enough to get his nine little step-brothers and step-sisters out of an institution and keep them at home.

Not much "inferiority complex" about him!

The bitter truth

We admire, too, the Derby woman who emphatically denied that "helping at home" was the reason one of her seven children had not regularly attended school.

"I get them out of the house, except in the case of illness, to stop any overcrowding," she said.

And what pathos behind her last four words!

Eight persons—one room

Then, in a case at West Hartlepool, it was revealed that fifteen persons were living in a tiny three-roomed cottage. And the house was sub-let: eight persons were living in the kitchen!

Three years ago the landlord was ordered to abate the nuisance; the court has now repeated the order.

We may be wrong, but we have an idea that the best remedy would be to build houses at rents which poor people can afford.

Sky high

And though we have a good deal of respect for the Stepney Borough Council's efforts to solve the housing problem in East London, we don't much like its plan to build ten-storey flats.

Imagine the tenants of the top flat having to climb eighteen flights of stairs—two to each storey. Imagine their children trudging up hundreds of steps!

Even a lift would probably prove a danger to the children.

No! Shortage of space is serious, but not so serious as to require ten-storey flats.

Death-trap trams

Serious, too, are the allegations of a Liverpool councillor about the tram which overturned recently, when four people were killed and twenty-six injured.

He says the vehicle was thirty-four years old and was condemned three years ago!

And we know that many trams in provincial towns are so disgracefully old and ramshackle that it's a wonder there are not many such accidents.

Strange but true

As for the lorry scandal we have often attacked, here is the most astounding case of all:

At Wooler, in Northumberland, a firm was charged with employing a driver for more than eleven hours out of twenty-four and without proper rest periods.

The driver was charged with exceeding the speed limit. When stopped in the afternoon by the police he admitted the offence, but he pleaded, quite naturally, that he had been working since 3.30 in the morning and was anxious to get home for a rest.

The difference

You may think it too incredible to be true, but the Bench fined the firm a shilling and the driver £5!

The presiding magistrate said to that unfortunate driver: "This is a very bad case."

We could say the same of the magistrates.

Good work

We're delighted to see that the British Legion found work last year for 38,811 ex-Service men—nearly three times as many as in 1930. And it spent £238,000 on relief, to say nothing about the widows and orphans for whom it found work.

Couldn't the Government take lessons from the British Legion?

His new school

Finally, we note with gratification that John Francis Malone, the "truant headmaster" whom we exposed months ago, has been sentenced at Leicester Assizes to ten months' imprisonment for fraud.

The judge told him he was fortunate, for by pleading guilty he escaped penal servitude. Yes, very fortunate!

THE NEW DOPE CARNAGE

by

D. R. Grenfell, M.P.,

the foremost critic in Parliament of the laxity of our Dangerous Drugs laws

I READ the other day what must be surely one of the most moving and significant human documents ever penned. It was a letter written to the Brighton coroner by a brilliant young doctor who had committed suicide.

In it he warned posterity against the thing which had killed him. He had been a morphia addict following an operation many years ago, and to cure his mania for that drug he had resorted to another called "luminal." He learnt its use while in the care of a specialist.

In his farewell letter he said: "Since that time I can honestly say that I have never known a happy day. Of all drugs, that and its fellows in the barbituric group are the ones to be studiously avoided. Please make that clear for the benefit of posterity."

What are these barbituric drugs against which, in dying, this young doctor warned the world? They are the new "pleasant poisons," sleep producers and nerve soothers, latest inventions of Continental chemists, which you or I can buy in most chemists' shops with about as much formality as we buy a packet of aspirin.

In 1927 there were perhaps three or four of them on general sale. In that year five people died from their improper use. To-day, medical authorities have admitted that they are unable to keep pace with the new ones which are flooding on to the market.

Their very names sound like words in a nightmare. Here is a list of only a few of them which are being sold everywhere to-day: Quadronox, luminal, heberal, dial, soronal, medinal, veronal, phanodorin, evipan, nembutal, ipral, allonal, veramon, gardenal, cibalgin, somnifaine, beatol, amytal, and pernocton. You will find the names of most of them mentioned in recent inquest reports.

Just as fast as these new poisons have appeared on the chemists' counters, just so fast has the death-roll risen. Last year twenty-seven people died by suicide with these drugs and from accidental overdoses.

This year there were no fewer than eight inquests on victims of these "pleasant poisons" in the first month. What is the total going to be before the end of the year unless something is speedily done about it?

What *is* being done about it?

So far, the public has been merely regaled with a full-dress battle between certain leading doctors on the presumed medical virtues of these drugs.

On the one side has been Sir William Wilcox, Medical Adviser to the Home Office, one of the greatest experts in the study of poisons in the country.

Experts fall out

OUT of his great experience he has condemned them utterly. He has declared that they are a greater danger than any of the strictly controlled drugs like cocaine, heroin, or morphine. He has said that they disposed to suicide, that they wrecked or impaired the functions of the body, and he warned all doctors to be careful and sparing in their use.

On the other side have been certain leading nerve specialists like Doctors Gillespie and Maurice Craig. They have told Sir William that they know better, that they have found these drugs invaluable to their patients, that the dangers attributed to them have been exaggerated.

In the ensuing hubbub the main issue has been lost sight of.

It is not a question that these new "dopes" may or may not be beneficial in the hands of a doctor. The point is that there are hundreds of people using them to-day who have never been near a doctor to prescribe for them and that there are thousands more who can do the same thing.

Yet it is agreed by all doctors that these barbituric drugs are dangerous in the hands of an unskilled person, and that some of them are deadly. Agreed, too, that some are erratic in their action, that a dose which will send one person into a profound sleep may kill another. That some of them make addicts of the people who have taken them.

Yet thousands of people are to-day buying these poisons without prescriptions. Let us take a hypothetical case, as the lawyers say, the case of Mr. X—who can be any one of us.

Sleep—for ever

MR. X is worried, he is run down, his "nerves" are jangled, he cannot sleep. He goes into a chemist's shop for one of these sedatives. If the chemist is a stickler for formalities all Mr. X has to do is to sign the poison register and then he can walk out with his fifty or one hundred tablets of dial or phanador, or any other of these death-dealing substances.

There is abundant evidence that so widespread has their use now become that many chemists do not even insist on this useless formality of signing the register. But whether Mr. X signs or not, there is no restriction on the amount of the "dope" he can purchase. Yet two or three normal "doses" of some of these drugs swallowed to "make sure" of a sleep may make him sleep for ever.

The incredible laxity of the restrictions on the sale of these poisons is one of the strangest and grossest anomalies of our poisons law.

In this country there are about half a dozen manufacturers of dangerous drugs. They must submit to the closest control and restrictions.

Even their workmen must be registered individually with the Home Office. If a workman leaves, his place cannot be filled until a form has been completed about the new workman, and he has been duly identified in official registers.

Yet once such goods as these barbiturates have left the factory they can be purveyed to the public over a shop counter with scarcely any control at all.

There is a final point in my indictment of the present situation concerning these drugs, which, without being alarmist or sensational, I feel impelled to make.

If it is easy for the ordinary citizen to obtain them it is also easy for the criminal, and the known properties of many of these barbiturates open up menacing possibilities in criminal use.

It is said of "dial," for instance, of which an overdose readily kills, that all trace of it leaves the body in twenty-four hours. It cannot afterwards be detected by the analyst.

Again, if evipan is injected it will cause complete unconsciousness within thirty seconds.

There is an overwhelming case against leaving the law on the sale of these deadly drugs in its present loose and vague state; and the dangers which exist are increasing week by week.

The Poisons Board which was to consider the matter after the passing of the Poisons Act last year adjourned indefinitely two months ago and left a sub-committee to carry on.

New dopes for old

NOTHING yet has been heard of its deliberations, but it is to be hoped that new recommendations will be no longer delayed.

At the very least those recommendations should place these new "dopes" on the same level as cocaine, heroin and morphia so far as restrictions are concerned.

Similarly, nobody should be able to buy any one of the new "pleasant poisons" without a doctor's prescription stating a limited quantity and a time limit before any more can be supplied.

In this country the authorities have little to congratulate themselves upon with regard to their firmness in dealing with the drug question.

A long and arduous fight was necessary before the present restrictions were imposed on what are known as the "dangerous drugs." We have not even yet adopted the convention for the limitation of the manufacture of narcotic drugs which we signed some years ago.

The tragic and endless list of "dope" fatalities during recent years is a terrible monument to that apathy.

We don't want that history to repeat itself. But unless we act firmly, and at once, then the damage wrought by these new "dopes" will far outdo that done by the old.

GRAFT: "John Bull's"

A PAIR of

THE widespread interest that this series of revelations has aroused is evidenced by the letters which continue to reach us from readers in all parts. Much still remains to be told, and various phases of corrupt municipal administration will be dealt with in subsequent articles. Watch for further startling disclosures next week

St. George's Square, Glasgow, where a disturbing municipal scandal arose

by Our SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

I HAVE given several alarming instances in this series of revelations of the shameful abuse of office on the part of high municipal officials. It will come as a still greater shock to readers to learn that in some places corruption contaminates even the Magisterial Bench itself.

Magistrates who take bribes! It sounds incredible, yet certain glaring instances have come to light in my researches into some unpleasant phases of the municipal life of Ayr and Glasgow.

In each of these centres there have been recent scandals, and though action of sorts has been taken, great dissatisfaction still reigns among the unhappy ratepayers of these towns, who feel, not without reason, that a deeper probing of their municipal affairs is highly desirable.

Temptation

These remarks apply particularly to the most brazen abuse of the Licensing Acts that recently became the subject of an enquiry at Ayr.

The facts of the case are known to few people outside the actual centre concerned, and clamour for widespread publicity since they reveal that the administration of the Licensing Acts affords ample scope for bribery and corruption

Licensing courts have the power to grant or revoke a publican's licence at will, and the influence of one single vote may mean the success or otherwise of an application.

The temptation to bribery is, therefore, clear, particularly when prearranged support can be obtained in the licensing court without any danger of detection.

Residing in Greenock is a well-known and wealthy wine and spirit merchant named Hugh Graham, who, a few months ago, decided to extend his business activities, and, having acquired a large establishment at Seamill, Ayrshire, proposed to develop it on modern lines under the style of "Inverclyde House."

He needed a licence to enable him to sell for retail purposes and consumption at "Inverclyde House" excisable liquors of all kinds.

Once his plans became known a succession of amazing events occurred.

One of the first was when Graham was invited to a local hotel called the "Eglinton Arms."

Through a man he met there it was arranged that Graham should be introduced to a prominent local personage, Councillor Lionel Morency Ord, who was a member of the Ayr Licensing Court.

Urgent

An appointment was fixed up on the telephone, but Councillor Ord was not rung up direct. He was communicated with in the police station nearest Ord's residence, where special facilities apparently existed for urgent messages to be conveyed to the councillor by an officer on duty!

On this occasion a constable named Jackson was sent to ask Ord to go at once to the hotel, where Graham was waiting.

When Ord arrived there was also present Councillor Joseph Turner, another member of the Ayr Licensing Court.

Thus Graham found himself in the distinguished company of two licensing magistrates.

Staggering propositions were put forward at the "Eglinton Arms" at this strange meeting between the would-be licensee Graham and these licensing magistrates.

Most of the talking was done by Councillor Ord. He, among other things, is stated to have told Graham that his licence could not possibly go through for nothing.

"With all the contracts I get," he said, "I have to 'square' officials. . . . But you will have to square me!"

The name of Councillor Turner figured constantly in the conversation — indeed, Ord actually stressed the fact that Turner was very badly in need of money at the time!

Various names—and various sums—were mentioned as time went on. But in the end a most unexpected thing happened.

Graham objected to the gross and extortionate demands, and adamantly refused to pay anything for the "services to be rendered" in the form of an unhindered licence being granted him.

After this the extraordinary meeting broke up in chaos.

The result was equally dramatic. Within a day or so Graham's application for a licence for "Inverclyde House" came up for consideration by the Ayr Licensing Bench.

The application was unanimously refused!

Sitting on it

And, in view of all that had happened, one of the most remarkable things concerning the bench of magistrates which refused this application so unanimously is that both Ord and Turner were sitting on it!

This decision might have passed off without further notice but for some hasty remarks made by other magistrates as they left the bench.

They gave rise to rumours which are still whispered among residents in the district.

In due course two of the magistrates, Councillors Turner and Ord, were arrested and charged with various offences under the Public Bodies Corrupt Practices Act.

And only a few weeks ago stood their trial at the High Court at Ayr before Lord Wark.

Though the revelations were anything but a subject for laughter, much amusement was caused in court when Councillor Ord was giving his version of the extraordinary arrangement by which a police officer carried to him the urgent message that he was wanted at the "Eglinton Arms"!

Ord, who is a vermin-killer by profession, pretended that he did not really want to go.

"At the time the message reached me," he said, "I was clearing out a plague of ants at a Dalmellington bakery, and in the process I had to take away a wall about four feet thick!"

Jailed

It all ended with Ord and Turner being found "guilty," and Lord Wark, who could have given them two years' hard labour plus a £500 fine, sentenced them to jail for four and three months respectively.

"You have been convicted," he said, "of a crime which involves a very gross betrayal of the public offices you held and of the confidence reposed in you by your fellow citizens."

Lord Wark, I am glad to say, also commented upon the fact that one of the men employed at the "Eglinton Arms" Hotel was likewise a member of the Ayr Licensing Bench!

Despite the fact that this man has a unique record of public service for more than twenty years—which goes back to the days when he was a member of the "old parish council" and the "local school board"—his position was surely one of the most peculiar that could be imagined.

How can it be right and proper, no matter how honest he may be, for a man to be a member of the local licensing court on the one hand and be actively associated, on the other, with one of the hotels that fall under his own court's jurisdiction?

Remember Glasgow!

It is not surprising that since then those feline citizens of Ayr have had a lot to say about the leniency of these sentences.

It is significant that the City of Glasgow was constantly mentioned during the Ayr investigations. This was because one of the persons concerned had been warned that he ought to be careful about accepting bribes in any licensing case. "Don't be a fool!" he was told.

"Remember what happened in Glasgow!"

These remarks obviously refer to a succession of scandals in Glasgow, concerning which many of the citizens quite rightly consider that the full facts have been withheld from them.

Allegations have long been rife in Glasgow of corrupt practices on the part of certain officials of the Corporation concerning the allocation of houses.

Several cases have come to light in which officials of the City Improvements Department have been accused of accepting bribes from tenants for showing them favour in obtaining the tenancies of certain Corporation premises.

Two members of the Department, indeed, following an inter-office investigation, had to stand their trial a month or two ago on charges that had been framed under the Prevention of Corruption Acts.

Although they both strenuously denied the charges when Lord MacKay heard

Nation-Wide Exposure

CORRUPT Magistrates

Here you look down on Ayr; so will most people after the scandal here described

Lord MacKay tried the Glasgow bribery case

the cases against them, they were both found guilty of accepting bribes, one being sent to jail for three months and the other for five.

The evidence disclosed that they had taken money from several people who wanted houses, and, in return for it, had ignored the claims of people who should have been given priority.

How they were able to carry on in this disgraceful fashion without anyone being aware of these irregularities is something which I do not pretend to be able to fathom

Just before this disquieting scandal became public, another official of the Corporation was accused before one of the committees of the City of conduct of the most reprehensible character.

Under one of Glasgow's improvement schemes certain structural alterations were necessary in one of the central markets, and the official concerned, whose duty it was to rearrange tenancies in the market, officially informed certain tenants that their stands would have to be moved in order that the new scheme could be carried into effect.

Some at once saw that their businesses would be gravely affected by the changes, as the alternative sites offered them would be not only inconvenient but detrimental to their trade.

The official openly told some of the tenants that, if his "palm was greased," he would arrange the best stand possible—which, when he thought that money was forthcoming, he proceeded to do.

When I say that the official to whom I refer was chairman of the Dead Meat Markets Committee, and one of the Glasgow City magistrates, the gravity of his conduct will be more than realised.

He went so far as to tell one tenant that he had a sub-committee of nine under him whose word was law in these matters—that five of them he could induce to vote with him, which meant that there would be a majority of six to three!

£50 fine

When it was proved beyond all doubt that this official had by this reprehensible means so grossly betrayed his position, he pleaded "guilty."

In view of his long record, he escaped with a fine of fifty pounds—although he could have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment. And he is not the first Scottish magistrate to fall from grace in this way, for some years ago another was sent to prison for six months, and fined £500, for extorting secret commissions from contractors.

Some time ago a tribunal of enquiry was set up to enquire into certain of the matters complained of at Glasgow. Its findings, which are before me, show that the offences relating to the Meat Market changes were not isolated, and that, among other things, in another department of the Corporation two officials had been improperly reducing the valuation of properties without the knowledge of the City Assessor.

Those officials were dismissed, but there the matter was allowed to end, and no facts have been made public as to the reason these valuations were reduced.

The result is the persistence of ugly rumours and the widespread belief that the allocation of Corporation houses goes not by merit but by favouritism, and that the way to secure possession of a house is to give a "present" to someone in authority. . . .

Since my last article went to press another illuminating "graft" document has reached me. It is the report of a special committee, presided over by Sir W. H. Hadow, that was set up to enquire into certain local government appointments.

It issues a warning to local authorities concerning the "jobbery" that exists on a large scale and results in Government positions being given to favoured people, through the influence of local councillors.

In all parts of the country I have encountered, during my special investigations, allegations of such "jobbery."

For instance, at Hebburn, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, which has a population of 25,000, serious charges are being made about the manner in which local government jobs are given to the relatives of officials. In fact, a special committee is urging the Ministry of Health to hold a public enquiry into the allegations without delay.

The following disclosures show how desirable such an enquiry is.

A council rent collector was recently required for the Hebburn Council. There were 288 applicants for the post, many of whom had expert knowledge of the work. The local Council selected three from whom the successful candidate would be chosen.

Those three were all relatives of Hebburn councillors.

Mr. A. Adams, the brother-in-law of Alderman Adair, got the job, and his appointment caused an uproar, since he, a shipyard labourer, had no knowledge of the job for which he was selected.

Scandalous

On another occasion a job went to the son of a Hebburn councillor, and one man actually resigned from the council to take a council post.

These and similar instances of preferential treatment have aroused a storm of protest among local ratepayers.

Some idea of the strong feeling in this connection is reflected in the numerous indignant letters that have appeared from time to time in the correspondence columns of certain northern newspapers.

The most disquieting allegations have been made about councillors "looking after" their own relatives when filling official posts and scathing comment has been made.

At Hebburn, too, there is a widespread conviction that favouritism is shown in the allocation of council houses.

One councillor has four relatives in council houses, although earlier applicants have failed to obtain one.

And it is significant that when a man who had been repeatedly refused a house threatened to call a meeting of protest, he was granted a house at once.

And this scandalous state of affairs is by no means isolated.

Letters which continue to reach me as a result of my earlier exposures show that many equally grave irregularities are being practised all over the country.

Next Week—Continuing this remarkable series, our special investigator will have illuminating disclosures to make concerning bribery and corruption in high places

---

The Human Machine

Sticking It

THE man who can't "stick it" will never get anywhere worth while. It's easy enough to work hard and look pleasant about it when everything is going swimmingly; but sooner or later everyone comes up against a nasty jolt. Sooner or later things go wrong—often through no fault of your own.

That's the testing time that separates the real man from the weaklings. For the real man doesn't fume and grumble and grouse. He just shrugs his shoulders and gets on with it, picking up the broken threads as quickly as may be, and making the best of it.

He doesn't even bother to ask whose fault it is; for that only wastes time—and these are the occasions when time is precious.

One man who could stick it was Carlyle, the great historian. He had almost finished his vast work on the French Revolution when it was accidentally destroyed—a piece of pure carelessness that allowed of no possible excuse.

But Carlyle didn't waste time in upbraiding anyone. He just sat down and started afresh on a task that would have broken the heart of a less plucky man.

That's the ability to stick it, and take a nasty jolt calmly. That's one of the marks of a really great character.

Some people would call it patience; but it's a greater virtue than that. Patience implies a certain amount of resignation, and it has a certain atmosphere of plodding about it.

It's a great virtue, but it's not enough in itself. The ability to stick it implies a certain amount of aggressiveness, a definite attitude of mind that challenges Fate to do its worst.

It implies mental virility, determination to succeed at no matter what cost, complete denial of any outside influence being able to swerve us a hair's-breadth from our purpose, serene belief in our ability to gain the end we have set ourselves to achieve.

It's not very hard to achieve this outlook on life. All it needs is a realisation of the truth that we are all greater than circumstances, that nothing can affect us unless we allow it to do so, that the world, in fact, IS WHAT WE THINK IT—*not what it would have us believe it to be.*

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"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I noticed they stopped the itching, and he got refreshing sleep. We purchased more and in about three months he was healed." (Signed) Mrs. E. King, 13, Fairfield Terr., Keynsham, Som., Eng.

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soothe and heal. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder for every member of the family.

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IT MUST BE

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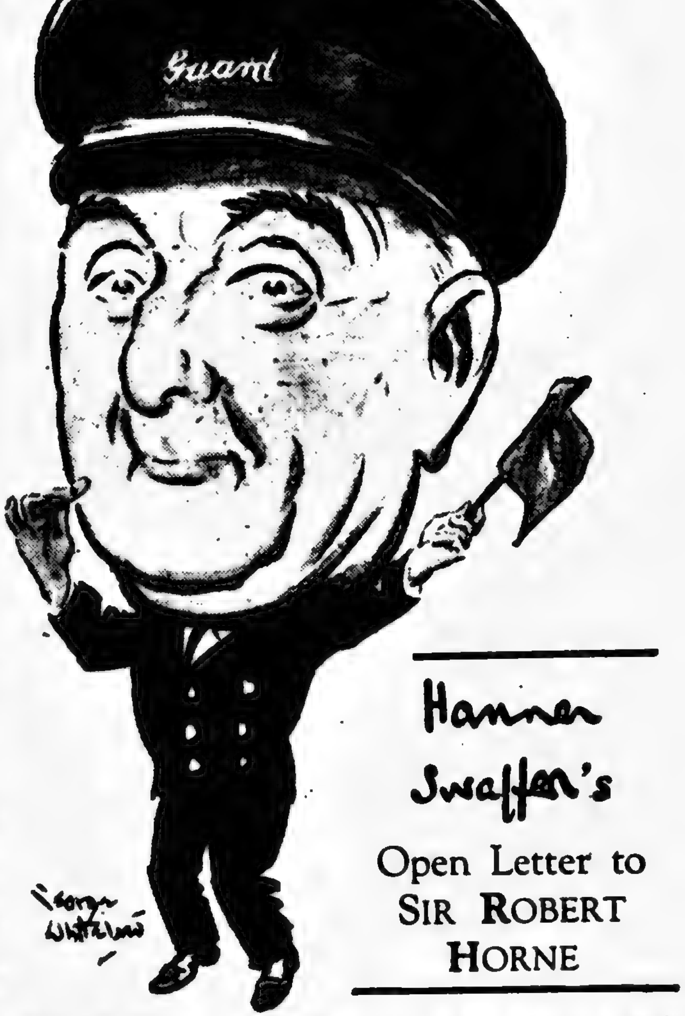
You make BIG BUSINESS Look So EASY

Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to SIR ROBERT HORNE



DEAR SIR ROBERT,—We all congratulate you upon your appointment as Chairman of the Great Western Railway, if only for the reason that you make anything ok so easy.

We are all getting a little bit fed up ith this worship of the men who repre- nt Big Business. You have proved, your own life, that it is mere child's ay.

Why, now you have become chairman a railway which does over £28,000,000 orth of business in a year.

And yet, although under the Great estern system, the departmental anagers will have to report to you ersonally as chairman, you will be able do this in addition to being a director the P. & O. Steamship Company, hich you take in between times, and director of the Suez Canal, which, re- rded as all-important to the British mpire, is something you have to go d look at occasionally, to make sure is there.

* * *

Why, you can do all this, and, appar- ntly, on your head. Your directorships e worth to you they say, £30,000 a year. et you earn them. How small a little ader must think his problems of rent d taxes when he thinks of yours.

You were, I believe, a barrister, lucky you earned £1,000 a year, when during e war you came to Whitehall, in the ys when all the Weirs and the eddeses and all the other Scotsmen scovered Westminster, and got a job the Ministry of Munitions, supervis- g contracts. This you did with such nsummate ease that your promotion as rapid.

You caught Lloyd George's eye. He as quick to notice ability in those ys. And so you became the Minister Labour, and then the President of the oard of Trade. Then, when the Coali- on fell, and Stanley Baldwin surprised e world by becoming Prime Minister, inston Churchill happened to be in gypt, painting camels or something. ey wanted a Chancellor of the Ex- hequer. And Winston was not there.

That was a bit of luck for you. Then u got a surplus! Your critics said u had made a mistake and budgeted r £100,000,000 too much. But, any- y, you got a surplus that year.

"What a heaven-born Chancellor," id everyone. After that it all became sy.

You yourself tell the story of how, only a few months before that, you had written to your idolised mother asking her advice, as Scottish boys do.

"Shall I stay in London or come home?" you asked.

You got a postcard, on which she wrote, "Come back hame? Don't be daft."

Actually, when you received it, you had just been offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, perhaps the second most important post in the Government.

That was another bit of luck.

Had the postcard come a few days earlier, it might have changed your destinies. Not that it would have prevented you from ultimate eminence.

You have a quick, shrewd brain, an unending fund of funny stories, you are popular, you can make a quick decision.

I remember sending a newspaper colleague to see you during a great coal strike, when you were at the Board of Trade. He asked you for your terms of settlement.

Then he took them to Bob Smillie and asked for his. In consequence, within a week, the coal strike was settled.

Now, few men could have behaved as you did that week. With an obstinate Minister, the coal strike would have gone on for months.

* * *

Now, Sir Robert, you have done so much, and done it all so easily, that we look to you to do a great deal more. We want the wages of the railway workers put back to what they were. We want railway stations made to look less ugly. Oh, how horrible they are. The painful progress of Sunday trains wants speeding up. More efficient methods of dealing with luggage should be introduced.

Our trains are quicker than the American ones. They are much safer than the French ones. There is more efficiency about them in many ways. But they have not been brought into line with the methods of modern business.

Paddington Station looks just the same as it did when Frith painted it.

Now you have seen, as I have, the New York Central Station and the Pennsylvania Station in New York. They are miracles of architecture and engineering and efficiency compared with our Liverpool Street and King's Cross and Charing Cross.

The Gattie system of transport, rejected by everybody, will ultimately have to be introduced. Unification must be extended. And it must be subjected to more control. You know that.

Some people complain that you have got too many jobs. The truth is, of course, that most people take too much time to make up their minds.

You are in no sense old-fashioned. Most railway directors are. Wake them up! You have the opportunity. Make them all get a move on. They need to.

Still, there is the other side of it all. The history of the Great Western Railway shows that we have moved.

When, 101 years ago, a group of business men sent out the circular which led to the establishment of the railway you now control, people laughed at such folly. One quaint objection was that it would corrupt the morals of Eton boys by giving them easy access to the dissipations of London!

We are still fighting, in many ways, ideas quite as old-fashioned as that. You must help us to sweep them on one side.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

WILLIAM RAY,
don County Council

DEAR SIR,—You say that if your Party es at the forthcoming municipal ctions you are afraid London will come a close model of a soviet, and at if the news were flashed through e world it would be one of the greatest sasters of our time.

What arrant flapdoodle!

It would certainly be disastrous if ere were many people with such fears yours.

JOHN BULL.

ht Rev. C. L. CARR,
hop of Hereford

DEAR BISHOP,—The political world imps with corruption," our social life ntains gossip, misrepresentation, snobry and vice, and the Church has often ade power its chief end.

That is what you have preached in effield Cathedral.

Won't Dean Inge be jealous!

JOHN BULL.

e DUCHESS OF PORTLAND,
elbeck Abbey, Notts

DEAR DUCHESS,—"Never go to a cir- s," you cry, "I wouldn't be found dead one."

The reason, it seems, is that you ink cruelty must be inflicted on the imals during their training.

I think you ought to prove your alle- tions before trying to deprive country k of a treat they enjoy.

JOHN BULL.

uncillor JONES,
dney, Gloucester

DEAR SIR,—Some of your colleagues e a strange lot.

You want them to build houses on land already bought, but they say that some have already been built.

And when you point out that outsiders have been accepted as tenants, and local people who want to get married can't get houses and so can't marry, they refuse to take action.

Perhaps they think marriage should be discouraged.

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—When a man was sent to prison the other day for stealing mails from a train, Mr. Justice Atkinson said the minimum amount of care seemed to have been taken during the transit of valuable mails.

Last week I reported a very similar protest by another judge.

How many more must there be before your Department does its duty?

JOHN BULL.

AGNES and BESSIE BAIN,
Regent Quay, Aberdeen

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER,—You have helped a lad of fifteen on the road to crime, for you suggested that he should steal and what he stole you bought cheaply.

The sheriff said your action would burden your consciences, but I doubt if you know the meaning of the phrase.

Women of your type should be sent to jail without the option of a fine.

JOHN BULL.

FREDERICK EDWARD PRICE,
Chester Prison

PRICE,—As a religious preacher you got to know that a poor woman in your congregation had a grievance against the police. You then exploited her obsession with a bogus letter from a Cabinet Minister and extorted "fees" from her for your own pocket.

"Contemptible fraud on a poor woman," said the judge in sending you to jail for five months.

To which I add, in the words of the old song, "it won't be a day too long.'

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PERCY MACBEITH,
Salford Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—Because you think the atmosphere at Strangeways Prison, Manchester, is "stifling," you gave a tubercular man a longer sentence so that he should go to Wakefield Prison, where he might get outdoor work.

I hope he appreciated your motive and that the Prison Commissioners will note your remarks. JOHN BULL.

The JUSTICES,
Hull

GENTLEMEN,—Though Hull gave up birching boys many years ago, the ancient wooden whipping-bench is still in existence at the court.

Now, there having been an increase in juvenile crime probably due to the hard times, you have decided to "birch 'em again."

I hope, for the sake of the citizens of Hull, that you don't still retain your stocks. JOHN BULL.

The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,
Harrowlands, Dorking

YOUR GRACE,—For generations your family has been the financial backbone of Dorking's cricket club. Now you have sent it what you describe as the last cheque it will get from you.

And all because the people of Dorking didn't object when the local council cut a bypass through the beauty spot you gave to the town.

Well, I'm sure you'll change your mind. You are not the sort to visit the sins of vandals on sportsmen.

JOHN BULL.

LORD ABERD EN AND TEMAIR,
President, National Vigilance Association

MY LORD,—Time after time I have told of the plight of young girls who, driven from home by the distress in industrial areas, seek domestic work in London and other great cities.

Now let me congratulate you on the fine work your association is doing for these girls, many of whom are mere children. And let us both hope that your broadcast appeal on Sunday, February 18, will enable that work to be extended. JOHN BULL.

Mrs. FAYE,
Streatham

DEAR MADAM,—Mother of five children, stewardess on a P. & O. liner, and over sixty years old, you have now become a fully qualified lifeboatwoman, holding the Board of Trade certificate.

This means that you can command a lifeboat.

I must say I admire your wonderful will to be up and doing at sixty.

JOHN BULL.

LADY MOUNT TEMPLE,
London, S.W.1

DEAR MADAM,—In making your plea for a wedding ring that is beautiful, "gem-set, and symbolical of the most important event in a woman's life," you must have forgotten that the bridegroom goes a "splasher" when he buys the engagement ring, and, on that score, it is obviously suitable that the wedding ring should be plain and inexpensive!

JOHN BULL.

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This book places within the reach of the motor engineer and mechanic a course of technical instruction on the maintenance, repair, overhaul, and tuning of motor-propelled vehicles. The new and revised edition, just published, will be a real boon to the motor engineer, as it deals with the most recent developments, such as the Diesel Commercial Engine, the Pre-selective and Synchromesh Gear Boxes, the Fluid Flywheel, Fuel Pumps, Hydraulic and Vacuum Brakes, etc.

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You will bless the day you read this advertisement

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house, "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.

MINISTER playing with FIRE

Must Britain suffer because Mr. Walter Elliot is a victim of quota-mania?

by A. G. Gardiner

EVERYONE who knows that personally amiable gentleman Mr. Walter Elliot will wish him good luck in his coming matrimonial adventure. But no one who is concerned bout our trade or the interests of the onsumer can view with anything but larm the revolution of which he is the pearhead

I am not surprised to hear that some f Mr. Elliot's colleagues in the Cabinet re in revolt against the plague of uotas and regulations with which he s afflicting us. Everything we eat and verything we drink is being put under ontrol and the consumer is being bled ight and left in the interests of the roducers.

Boards of Control, giving fat jobs to new army of officials, are springing up ike asparagus in May, and their whole urpose is to put trade in irons. Supply s cut down, prices are artificially raised, nd the currents of free exchange are locked

Daren't sell cheap

The Bacon Board's scheme has increased the price of bacon by 50 per ent., and the only effect of the Milk Board's scheme has been to increase the rice and decrease the demand. More ilk is produced because of the increased price; but it must not be sold heap to those who need it most and can fford least. If you sell it cheap to a oor household you will be liable to eavy penalties.

But the Board will sell it cheap to the anufacturer. Thus, while the Ministry f Health is engaged in discovering how heaply life can be maintained, the inistry of Food is engaged in making he cost of living dearer.

So with the precious Potato Board, hich is to fix how many potatoes are o be grown, and the price at which they re to be sold If there is an excess of upply, they are not to be sold cheaper. f you dare sell them cheaper you will e subject to a fine of £100.

But we are only at the beginning of his scheme for creating artificial carcity. Butter and eggs are too cheap or the price-raisers, and there is a project on foot for restricting shipments f butter, eggs and cheese from the Dominions.

The proposal is part of Mr. Elliot's uota policy, but New Zealand and Australia are up in arms against it, and are emanding the fulfilment of the Ottawa greements, which gave them the free un in our markets. Hence the opposition to Mr. Elliot in the Cabinet.

Organising scarcity

Your sugar, too, is to cost you more. For years the taxpayer has been payng millions to subsidise the home-grown eet-sugar industry. Now we are threatened with a scheme by which sugar imports are to be controlled, prices fixed nd the profits to be shared between he factories and the farmers. This, at time when there is so much sugar in the world that several of the producing countries are compelled to reduce their output.

If this deliberate policy of organising scarcity in the midst of plenty is pursued Mr. Elliot will not only wreck his Government; he will defeat any possibility of the country recovering its old position in world trade. Food is the greatest of the raw materials of industry, and if we make food dear the fact will be reflected in the production cost of the manufactures we export.

Mr. Elliot is engaged in making war on British industry in the interests of the farmers. In the end he will not help the farmers; but he will certainly destroy British industry which employs 80 per cent. of our people, and the keystone of which is cheap raw material, and especially food.

These quotas, restrictions, price fixings, tariffs and interferences with the natural operation of supply and demand are not merely paralysing commerce. They are the source of gross injustice to one section of our people in the interests of another.

Take the case of the hops ramp which is before the House of Commons this week. I have no particular interest in the brewers, but they are entitled to fair play, and that they are certainly not getting.

In the first place the hop growers were given the benefit of a tariff duty of 50 per cent. But that was not enough. Under the Marketing Scheme, a Hops Board, elected by the growers, was set up and, taking advantage of its power to prevent competitive selling, *forced up the price of hops from £8 5s. per cwt. in 1932 to no less than £15 in* 1933. According to Lord Astor, a farmer with 50 acres could make a profit of £5,000 on his last year's crop! What is a South African gold mine compared with a Kentish hop-garden!

But this is not all. It is now proposed to protect the hop-growers, not merely against foreign competition only, but against the competition of their own neighbours. Nobody who did not grow hops last year is to be permitted to grow them this! A Kentish farmer who grubbed up his hops before the golden age set in is forbidden to have a share in the loot that the Hops Board has now provided.

And this monstrous monopoly is to be continued for five years, unless Parliament this week flings the impudent scheme back in the face of the Hops Board.

This is only one of many flagrant examples of the bewildering follies that are being perpetrated under this scarcity ramp. Look at the case of oats.

We give a thumping subsidy at the expense of the consumer to the wheat grower. "But what about me?" says the oats grower. "I must have my bit, too" And he makes such a din that the Government claps a prohibitive duty on foreign oats. All to come out of the pocket of the consumer, of course.

But this is not the worst. The thing has been done with a levity that threatens the ruin of British traders who have entered into contracts for the purchase of overseas oats. Shiploads of oats dispatched from the Argentine and elsewhere have arrived at British ports only to find that the market is closed against them by a prohibitive duty. Who is to pay the duty? What is to become of the oats? What is to happen to the firms who find themselves literally faced with bankruptcy by the irresponsible folly of the Government?

There is a still more important question. What is to become of British trade under these crazy quotas and restrictions?

His fatal policy

In the House of Lords the other night there was a despairing debate about the plight of British shipping, which is the blackest spot in the economic situation of the country. One cause of that plight is the subsidised competition of France, Italy, and especially the United States, who, between them, are spending £30,000,000 of public money a year in attempting to drive our Mercantile Marine off the seas.

But a far more serious cause, as Earl Stanhope admitted, is the appalling slump in world trade, which has fallen in volume by 60 per cent. since 1913 We have suffered from this slump in two ways, by direct loss of trade and by the shrinkage of those "invisible exports" which the services of the British Mercantile Marine, as the chief carrying system of the world, provided.

The revival of international trade is the one hope of British shipping. Mr. Elliot's policy is fatal to that hope. His quotas and boards and restrictions are not only producing scarcity at home, but are helping to kill that export trade which is the life-blood of this country.

MURDER WILL OUT

"Thanks to the snow . . . we were able o pick out the traces left by a tiny, elegant foot. We discovered also the track f another woman, her footprints coarser nd heavier. These women had apparntly come running from the hut, almost alling down the crazy stairs in their aste. Blunt-foot had slipped and fallen, nd torn her hand on a nail, as we saw y drops of blood on the rough wood. iny shoes wore a blue silk dress from hich threads had been torn. . . ."

These are a few of the clues which led o the solving of the Steel Belt Murder Mystery, another of the extraordinary eal-life dramas of crime investigated by shton Wolfe. Read it in *The Passing* hon, on sale Friday, February 16.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir Kingsley Wood, Postmaster-General, on—

POST OFFICE SHEPHERDESSES

IN Arcady, in Arcady
I'd like to be the P.M.G.!
There on the pipes o' Pan I'd play,
For all is blithe and all is gay
In Arcady!

Meanwhile, I strive with pure delight
To make my own department bright,
So that the cove who calls to buy
A postal order feels he's nigh
To Arcady!

The postal clerk you used to know
Has gone, and in her place we show
A winsome maiden, gaily dressed
Like some sweet Dresden shepherdess
From Arcady!

None can refuse to purchase stamps
From my demure Arcadian vamps;
And, as I watch my surplus swell,
My joy's the joy of those who dwell
In Arcady!

Despite my surplus, I do not feel that the postal industry is working to its full capacity; so I am out to prosecute a "Buy More Stamps" campaign.

• • •

The first step has been taken at Alton, Hants, where the post office has been tastefully decorated in Newton green and ivory, and the female staff is dressed in pale primrose smocks, like old-time Dresden shepherdesses.

It is felt that a susceptible male, who might ordinarily hesitate to buy even a ha'penny stamp, will cheerfully squander five shillings on a postal note he doesn't want from a shepherdess with a primrose smock and lips to match.

My aim is to make a local post office as popular a place of call as the village inn, and, if I get an extension of trading hours, there will be no objection to customers sitting about talking and making the rafters ring with rural catches, as long as they buy an occasional round of postcards for the good of the house.

In the larger towns other methods will be required. I may, for example, launch a scheme for the sale of post-office products on the time-payment system; so that the customer giving an order for £5 worth of stamps could have them delivered in plain vans, with one of our employees to do the licking, and a free insurance policy against mumps and measles.

Meanwhile, other sylvan post offices, like that at Alton, will be provided, so that, in the ears of lovers of rural beauty, the name of Kingsley Wood should sound as sweet as that of Ken Wood.

And in return for all this, I ask no more than that post-office users shall share the joy I feel when I contemplate my £11,055,711 surplus and join with me in trilling my simple Arcadian lays!

Tra la, tra la la! It is jolly to be
A Really Tremendous Success like me!
While other concerns cut down divvies galore,
My profits, aye verily, merrily soar!

Eleven sweet million I've made on the year,
Which calls, I suggest, for a loud British cheer!
So don't spoil the party by starting to groan
Concerning the rates that I charge for the 'phone!

No, don't shoot the pianist; he's doing his best!
I've offered you girls as Arcadians dressed,
And yet there are critics who clamour for more,
Demanding that I penny postage restore!

Tra la, tra la la! It is really unfair
When business men scowl and my joy do not share;
My surplus, they say, is too swollen by far—
Since it came from *their* pockets, tra la, tra la la!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Ladies' Apron Overalls, 4/11 doz. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/9 doz. Boys' Sports Hose, 4's to 8's, 4/9 doz. Quarter dozens supplied. Good profits can be made. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, in your spare time, every kind, good profits. 176-page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), George St., Birmingham.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots. Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners Post Free.—Keenest prices (wholesale only).—M. Morris, 110-113, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), Silk Sets, Ladies', Gent's Underwear, Hosiery, Shirts, Sheets, Blankets, etc. Cheapest and Best List in the Trade free. —H. Clegg (Dept. J.), Turner St., Manchester.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AN intensely absorbing hobby that will bring you a regular income. Earn more money and make more friends this new and fascinating way. A simple, interesting and extremely profitable pastime. No Experience or Capital required. All Equipment Absolutely Free. Big Commissions — Generous Bonus plus £100 in Cash Prizes. A MONEY-MAKING PROPOSITION.—Write for particulars, Dept. 5458, Sartor Mfg. Co., Derby Street, Manchester, 8.

£2 CASH BONUS and income all the year round, selling 1/- lines. Either sex. All districts. Samples free. Write now.—Carter, 58, Mildmay Park, London, N.1.

AGENTS required to sell well-known Gift Coupon Tea and household Specialities—good comm., whole or part time.—Apply, Shield Tea Supply Co. (Dept. J.B.), St. Andrews, Bradford.

AGENTS! The New John Noble Ideal Club Catalogue is ready—400 pages showing stupendous bargains which will win your members galore. See that you send the coupon centre of p. 3.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 268, Deansgate, MANCHESTER, or Sheepcote St., Broad St., BIRMINGHAM. 84,000 successful pupils.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request. —The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, W.C.1. (Chancery 7526.)

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICERS.—Ages 19-21. Commencing pay £3 6s., rising to £10 15s. per week.—No experience required.—Details of Entrance Exam. from B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex, aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commences £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects.—Free details of entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

THE POLICE FORCE offers attractive careers to keen young men, age 19-26. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—Full details on application to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

FATHERLY ADVICE on all careers and the possibility of employment therein is offered by Mr. Bennett, the Governor of the Bennett College, Sheffield, whose announcement on p. 24 will interest all who seek to advance their positions in life.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

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Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PRINTING.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards from 2/6 1,000. Samples free.—Stanley Osborne & Co., Millbrook Street, Gloucester.

PRINTING.—Best Cards, Memos, B'heads, 100 1/9, 200 2/6. Stretcards, 144 3/9. H'bills. Samps. 1½d.—Tice's, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

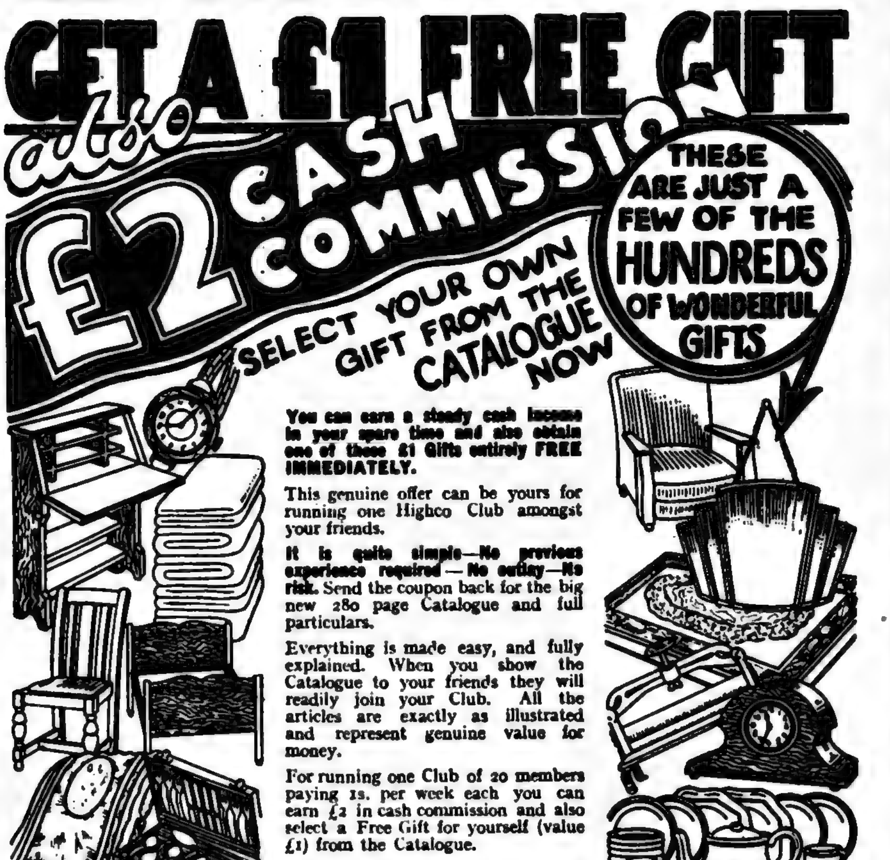
BUYING A BUSINESS.—Invaluable advice on every point by a leading Transfer Agent is given in this week's "EXCHANGE & MART," on sale NOW. 2d. of newsagents or 3d. post free.—J.B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

PRINTED STATIONERY and Visiting Cards (half profit); either sex; all districts.—Dept. "A," Henshaw Press, Glovers Rd., Birmingham.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

MEN'S HENDON FLANNEL TROUSERS, sizes 32 to 40 waist. Very stylish, 6/11 pair. MEN'S WOOLLEN UNDERSHIRTS AND PANTS. Values to 3/11, clearing 2/6 each. MEN'S OXFORD SHIRTS, lined, sizes 14 to 13 2/3 each. MEN'S KHAKI ZIP SHIRTS, 2 pockets, sizes 14 to 16, 3/6 each. MEN'S HEAVY KHAKI SHIRTS, button collar. Government Dye, sizes 14 to 16½, 3/11 each. Postage paid.—DUNKLEY'S (Dept. J.B.), 1100, COVENTRY ROAD HAY MILLS, BIRMINGHAM.

A FASHIONABLE DRESS Hunter Watch—yours for 1s. deposit. The Aircraft Watch Distributors offer this bargain in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," p. 3.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Please send me, without obligation, your Big Catalogue and full particulars of Cash Commission and Free Gifts.

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Return this Coupon in ½d. unsealed envelope to:—
HIGHCO STORES (Dept. B6), Chorlton St., Manchester, 1.

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WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

WOOL SALE.—Better value than ever in rug and knitting. Send 1d. P.C. for samples.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-T.

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WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1470 free.—Dudleys, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready.—Write for free book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

WADDED DOWN QUILTS given away, also Ladies' Woolly Jumpers! This offer appears in the "Shop Window" on p. 3 (advt. of Paton Mill Co.).

LEARN TO PLAY "The Hollywood" Uke-Banjo and be popular. Now offered at bargain price of 6/6 in advt. of Lloyd & Co. on p. 2.

LIGHTNING LEATHER STITCHER for thrifty homeworkers. Puts perfect lockstitch in boots, belts, bags, harness and all leather goods. Complete with 3 different needles and thread, only 2/3, post 4d.—Penn & Co. (J. Dept.), 142, Cottenham Rd., London, N.19.

HAVE YOU fixed a Pix to your Set? Over 1,500,000 listeners use it. See advt. on p. 2.

CHIMNEY SWEEPING OUTFIT complete for 12/6. Includes Drain Cleaner. This remarkable offer appears in the "Shop Window," p. 3.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer on p. 3.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.

75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

READERS' attention is drawn to the TELSEN RADIO advt. on p. 10.

WRITE for illustrated folder describing the new "Ewbank" Oak Table Rubber Wringer, as advertised on p. 33. Address: (Dept. W.30), Entwisle & Kenyon, Ltd., Accrington.

STOP that home drudgery. Use a vacuum cleaner. Fill in the coupon in the "Vac-tric" advt. on p. 30 for free partics. of the popular model illustrated.

PRESERVE your health and fitness by wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Corset.—Write, Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for further partics. See advt. on p. 34.

SEND a p.c. to the Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., Britannia Works, Aston, Birmingham, for a free copy of their superb Catalogue. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 37.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA DIRECT, from 1/- lb. Loose or packeted. Own name if required. Samps. free.—Victoria Tea Co., Ltd., 33, Chancery Lane, Ldn., W.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—"Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc. or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

SLEEP.—If you cannot—take a cup of "Allenburys" Diet before retiring. Send 3d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 37, Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

PSORIASIS, Eczema. These irritating complaints completely ended while you sleep. Immediate relief. Call or write. No obligation.—Ridalex Consulting Rooms (Dept H.), 121, Kingsway, W.C.2.

WOULD you like to try "WINCARNIS"? A sample bottle will be sent to every reader who sends 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 215), Wincarnis Works, Norwich. This offer appears on the front cover.

SEND a p.c. for a FREE SAMPLE of "QUINCASCA" COLD CURE TABLETS. The address appears in the advt. on p. 20.

FREE.—Generous sample of "Feen-a-Mint," which banishes constipation. Send 1½d. stamp to White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. F.1), 15, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1. See p. 12.

READERS' attention is drawn to the Godfrey Hair Tonic offer on p. 18.

EVERY READER should fill in the coupon in the "Phyllosan" advt. on p. 33 for one of the new pocket containers for "Phyllosan" Tablets. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

FREE.—Fennings "Every Mother's Book" and "Everybody's Doctor." Mention *John Bull* when writing. See p. 35.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO KEEP Free of 'Flu. Read the "Flugo" advt. on p. 2.

AMBITIOUS readers should send for free booklets offered by the Caxton Publishing Co. on p.12.

USE BRITISH COAL.—Fill in the coupon on p. 31 for free copy of an interesting booklet entitled "How to Use Coal Wisely in Your Home."

DON'T OVERLOOK PAGE 25. The reasons given in the DU MAURIER CIGARETTE advt. are sufficiently convincing for readers to give this popular priced cigarette a trial. They are obtainable at most tobacconists. Turn now to p. 25.

FREE illus. Booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. 5-NF, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 26.

READERS who write to Dept. 8E, J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Somerdale, Bristol, will receive by return a free list of Gifts offered in connection with FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA. Send for this Free Gift List now. A p.c. will do. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 28.

FREE.—A choice of any 3 of the following "Harlene" Gifts—(1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uzon Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in advt. on the Back Cover with 4d. stamp for postage, for free samples and manual of instructions.

Hire-Purchase PITFALLS

by MAJOR-GENERAL Sir Wyndham Childs

Never let the salesman persuade you to put your signature to a contract until you have first read every clause carefully—and don't make such an agreement unless you are sure of your husband's approval

MY article on the methods of business pursued by the Tellus Super Vacuum Cleaner Company has produced precisely what I expected.

Letters have poured in from all parts of the British Isles.

In one post alone I have had to deal with queries from Northumberland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Leicester, Lanarkshire, and Monmouthshire.

These letters disclose that there is much confusion in the minds of many people as to the conditions under which commodities may be acquired by instalments.

I have chosen the word "acquired" advisedly for this reason. There are two systems: (1) the hire-purchase system; (2) purchase by instalments.

They differ to a very material degree, and it is obvious to me that many of my correspondents would never have incurred any liability or effected any purchase had they realised that the bargain was one based on the hire-purchase system and not the system of purchase by instalments or *vice versa.*

Hire or instalments?

In some cases it suits the purchaser better to deal under the first system, while others prefer the second.

It depends on the nature of the commodity, the financial status of the purchaser and other factors possibly of a domestic nature.

I will now proceed to explain the fundamental differences between these systems.

Under the first the article remains the property of the seller until all instalments (*i.e.*, the total value) have been paid. It then passes (but not before) to the purchaser. Until this situation has been reached the purchaser is better described as a "hirer," because that is what he is in law and in fact.

Every hire-purchase agreement, if it is equitable and honest, should contain a clause entitling the hirer to return the article and terminate the agreement without any further liability *after a given number of instalments have been paid.*

In other words, the instalments already paid are regarded as the hire for the use of the article, which is duly returned if no longer required.

When studying a hire-purchase agreement, be careful to ascertain the number of instalments which must be paid before the article can be returned, and you will then be able to calculate exactly your total liability—you know, of course, what your liability is if you *continue* your instalments and subsequently acquire the article as your own absolute property.

That, of course, is the original price named, but it is much more important to find out how cheaply you can get out of your bargain if evil days befall you or, on the other hand, you discover that you have acquired something of which you may easily get tired.

You must remember this, however: that when an article is returned there is always the question of condition.

Study your hire-purchase agreement very carefully and see what provision is made to meet this point. Some people may return an article in first-class condition, while others may have so treated it that it is only fit for the scrap-heap.

Now as to the second system.

When you buy an article by *instalments* this is an out-and-out purchase and the property passes from the seller to the purchaser forthwith, and the word "hire" or "hirer" must never be contemplated or used in connection with this system.

The purchaser contracts to pay the price of the article by instalments spread over an agreed period. *There is no question whatever of returning the article to the firm,* and, indeed, many articles would not be of the slightest value if returned to the seller, on account of their being "second-hand."

Empty stipulation

In agreements for purchase by instalments I have frequently seen clauses requiring the purchaser to undertake not to sell the article until all the instalments have been paid.

I, personally, do not consider that that agreement is of any legal value whatever, for reasons which I need not give, but there is certainly a moral obligation on every honest purchaser not to do that *unless for the purpose of paying the whole of the outstanding instalments due to the firm.*

* * *

A word as to the precautions to be taken by persons acquiring goods under either of the two systems which I have attempted to explain.

If you are a married woman sign nothing whatever in the absence of your husband. Ask the salesman to leave the contract behind for your husband to see when he comes back from work.

Have nothing whatever to do with any salesman who offers to "lend" you as a favour the amount of the first instalment.

If he gets your signature under those conditions you have only yourself to blame.

Salesmen are students of psychology and human nature: it is their profession and they live on the commissions they get by effecting sales. There are many honest salesmen, but, I fear, a great number of dishonest ones.

On no account accept the assurance of any salesman that he has power to vary the conditions of the contract which he asks you to sign.

If you read the contract carefully, you may find that there is a clause there under which you are required to agree that the contract contains the *only* conditions under which the bargain is completed, and that no verbal agreement of any description can be accepted.

Customer's obligation

Now as to the moral side of this type of business. The acquirement of goods by instalments is one of the greatest boons of the age.

It enables the rich man to buy an expensive car by instalments and the poor man to permit himself a luxury which he otherwise could not afford.

It oils the wheels of industry and produces employment and, moreover, induces thrift, but no firm could continue such a system if their customers were dishonest. The basis is co-operation for mutual benefit.

If under the system too many people wanted to return goods (under the conditions I have mentioned above), it could not continue, as the market would be flooded with second-hand stuff and the production of new articles would be impeded, with the natural corollary of reduction of output and consequential unemployment.

You have no right to avail yourself of this system unless you have *reasonable grounds* for believing that you can carry out your contract.

There are many things to be thought about—unemployment, sickness, maybe of yourself or of your family, or even of your near relatives.

Abuse of the courts

Now a few words as to the moral obligations of firms who specialise in selling goods under these systems.

You have no right recklessly to accept a contract secured by one of your salesmen *without any enquiry whatever* as to the circumstances, financial and otherwise, of the customer.

How dare you sell a luxurious article costing £23 to the wife of a man (in the husband's absence) when the total wage of the family is only £2 8s. a week?

And how dare you then summon the wife to appear at a county court countless miles from her own home, under conditions which preclude her from offering any form of defence because she has not the means to pay the cost of a railway fare?

You had no right to accept that contract. When you summoned the woman you knew perfectly well that *if she knew the law you couldn't recover a penny.*

You just gambled on her ignorance and on the hope that the equally ignorant husband would starve himself to meet the instalments ordered by the court when you took judgment against her in default of her appearance.

That's the nasty side of the picture.

Reputable firms, with reputable travellers, never get involved in such dirty transactions.

They are just and fair when evil times befall their customers, and I say this—that 99 per cent. of the firms who sell commodities by these systems carry out their business in a straightforward and honourable manner.

To my readers I say, remember the advice I have given above, and when dealing with such firms carry out your obligations in an equally honourable manner.

When Help is Needed

IN these hard times we are so touched by the spectacle of millions out of work that we allow ourselves to be blinded to another form of poverty.

That is of the man earning a good wage in a good job and yet who—because of one hard knock after another from Fate—cannot contrive to buy the necessities of life on the money he earns.

An instance comes from an agricultural town in Kent.

In one of the prim cottages of that town lives a man who is proud and happy of the fact that he has never had the misfortune to lose his job. But don't imagine from that that his life pursues a smooth course.

Sickness has dogged his home persistently. As fast as he has been able to save, illness has come in one form or another to steal his reserves. And so he had no money by him when, being unable to go to work one day, the doctor came along and whispered to his wife the word "Typhoid."

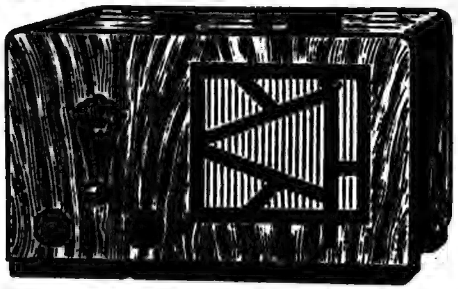
A tragic blow, the end of everything: or so it seemed at first. And yet within a very short time the patient wife was writing of a boon, a joy in homes that stand in need of help—to continue her own words, of a blessing that "helps where and when help is most needed."

The turning-point to which she referred was brought about by a cheque from JOHN BULL, because typhoid fever is one of the illnesses in respect of which benefit is paid under a Free Insurance Scheme that is unique.

Not a penny had been paid or asked for in respect of that insurance. Just a signature on a coupon such as you will find to-day on page 42 was enough.

Have *you* taken that simple precaution? Not an hour passes without JOHN BULL getting a practical instance showing why you should.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES NATIONAL 3 Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.

8/- NOW

H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.16.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

Mr. R. J. H. of Deptford, 30.1.34, writes:—'No wonder the name of Graves is popular and famous throughout England. For efficiency and service you have no equal. Fussiness and long waiting periods must be quite unknown to you. I can truthfully say the National Set is the finest 3-valve ever brought out. The glorious reproduction and volume leave nothing to be desired. You richly deserve to break all sales records with this Set because of its low price and the fine performance it puts up.'

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects, Carriage Paid £9 : 0 : 0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

What Made His Hair Grow?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"**Two years ago I was bald** all over the top of my head.

"**I felt ashamed for** people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko.

"**New hair came almost immediately and** kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of KOTALKO who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff, or aided new, luxuriant hair growths.

The secret lies in the use of certain rare herbal and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature. These have remarkable action upon the hair glands and frequently induce a profuse hair growth upon bald heads that have hitherto resisted every attempt to induce new hair.

Test-Box Coupon.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street (83.M), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

GRAVES SPEED KING 'FLIGHT' Model is the finest value the World can offer.

DUNLOP SADDLE Waterproof. Spiral Springs.

COVENTRY CHAIN Of Unrivalled Excellence.

DUNLOP TYRES Full Roadster. Wired Edges.

CHROMIUM PLATE Brilliant Finish Throughout.

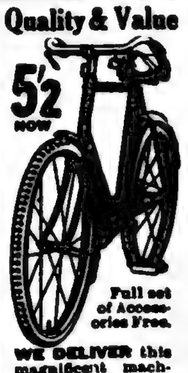
Lady's or Gent's **£3:17:6**

No extra for Easy Payments.

The same machine fitted with **STURMEY-ARCHER** 3-SPEED GEAR. Lady's or Gent's Model. **£4:17:6** Terms: 6/6 monthly.

CATALOGUE POST FREE of Ladies' and Gent's Roadsters, Club Models, Tandems, and Juvenile's Cycles. Easy Terms.

5/2 NOW

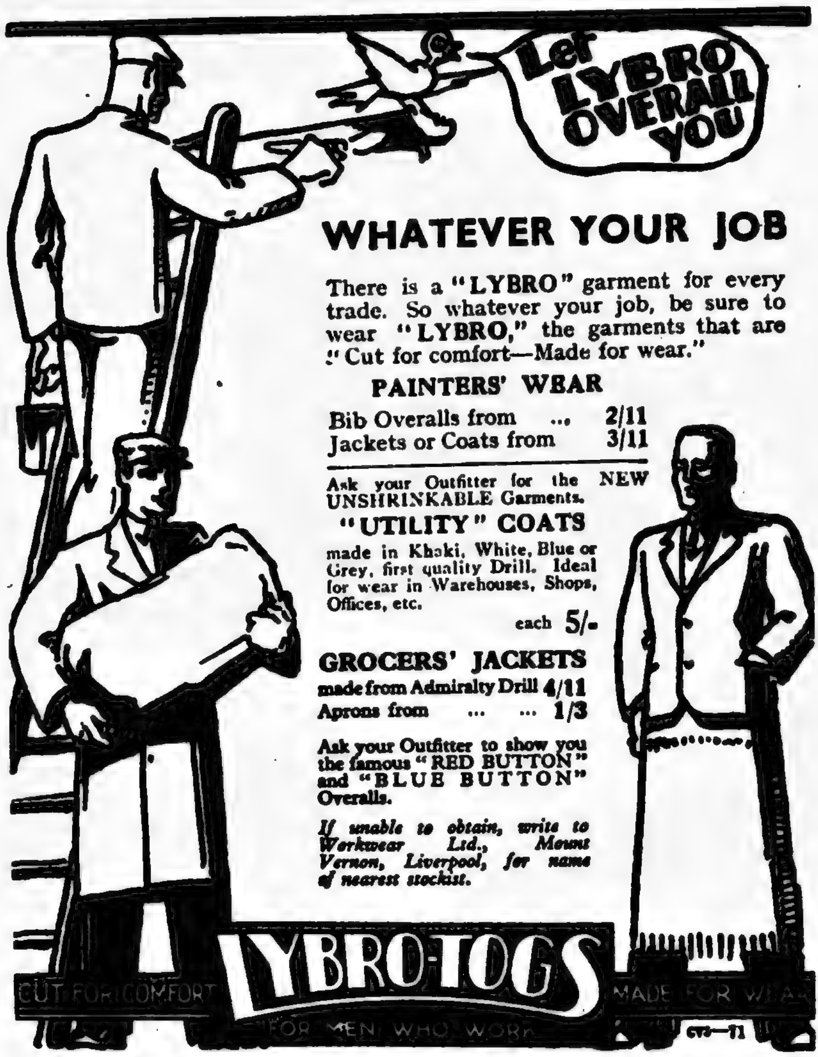


Full set of Accessories Free.

WE DELIVER this magnificent machine Carriage Paid for 5/2 with order and 14 payments of 5/2 per month. No extras. Approval allowed for riding test.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Never miss reading
"SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING"
See page 14



WHATEVER YOUR JOB

There is a "LYBRO" garment for every trade. So whatever your job, be sure to wear "LYBRO," the garments that are "Cut for comfort—Made for wear."

PAINTERS' WEAR

Bib Overalls from ...	2/11
Jackets or Coats from	3/11

Ask your Outfitter for the NEW UNSHRINKABLE Garments.

"UTILITY" COATS

made in Khaki, White, Blue or Grey, first quality Drill. Ideal for wear in Warehouses, Shops, Offices, etc.

each 5/-

GROCERS' JACKETS

made from Admiralty Drill	4/11
Aprons from	1/3

Ask your Outfitter to show you the famous "RED BUTTON" and "BLUE BUTTON" Overalls.

If unable to obtain, write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, for name of nearest stockist.

CUT FOR COMFORT **LYBRO-TOGS** MADE FOR WEAR
FOR MEN WHO WORK

cvs—71

Asthma makes Life a Burden

Is your life a burden owing to Asthma? Are your days a dreary succession of paroxysms of coughing? Are you compelled to absent yourself from employment owing to Asthma or Bronchitis? Are your nights even worse and more wretched than your days? If so listen to our message of cheer. You need not endure your burden another hour. Relief may be yours straight away. Potter's Asthma Cure will at once lift the burden and give you sweet, soothing immediate relief. Why not profit by the experience of this sufferer?

Potter's Asthma Cure gives new lease of life.

Mr. F. W. B. of Walthamstow writes:—"I am writing to let you know of the great benefit I have derived from the use of Potter's Asthma Cure. For many years now I have been a sufferer from Bronchitis and Asthma, and have tried several so-called remedies but nothing has given me such great relief as Potter's Asthma Cure, a little of which is like a new lease of life, relieving almost instantaneously that terrible choking sensation which every sufferer from Asthma knows only too well. For the last three winters I have been laid up for several weeks at a time, but I am glad to say that I have gone through this present winter so far without having any severe attacks. Thanks to Potter's."

Potter's Asthma Cure is equally good for children suffering from Croup or Whooping Cough and for all those afflicted with Catarrh, Hay Fever and other lung and chest troubles.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS

If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles, and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.

Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

HEART TROUBLE.

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that falling to pieces feeling.

Here are further well-known **SHADFORTH** Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"White Lions" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144).

"BRAIN SPARKLERS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

Reduce Your Blood Pressure with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, Ltd.,
Dispensing Chemists,
(Dept. J.B.18), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., London Bridge, E.C.4, and Branches.

Castols

NO MORE CASTOR OIL

THE Chocolate Laxative with 24 years' reputation

Castols were first brought out in 1909 and have proved perfectly safe and satisfactory under the severest test of all—the test of time. Your chemist will recommend them with the confidence of long experience.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

● TEST TO-NIGHT— ● FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. A. WOOD, 13, Elliot Rd., Prince Rock, Plymouth, writes: "I had two operations on the Stomach for Ulcers. After leaving Hospital the Ulcers returned, and for six years I have not known what it was to enjoy a meal and every two to four hours I was in terrible pain. I determined to give Vitadatio a trial, and from the very first day I am eating and thoroughly enjoy three good meals a day, and have not had the slightest pain or discomfort."

Vitadatio

The world-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier—invaluable in cases of Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. If you are a sufferer—do not despair. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio. GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY! Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles, for export only, post free, from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

HOME SEIZED for DEAD SON'S DEBT

—BEREAVED FATHER'S AMAZING ORDEAL

"The scandal of this man's imprisonment cannot be permitted"—a portrait of Mr. Wood as a member of the Exeter Police Force

WE pride ourselves on the British legal system. Our courts of law are models to the world. They are fair beyond question. They are, as a rule, safe to the man whose cause is sound. The judges hold the scales with sure impartiality.

Yet sometimes it happens, with all the careful watchfulness, the machine slips a little out of gear, and through that diversion an individual is made to suffer.

Then, once the error has occurred, the wrong to the individual inevitably becomes multiplied as the resultant processes of the law continue on their course.

A remarkable instance of this has come to the notice of JOHN BULL from the city of Exeter.

It is a case in which grave injustice has been done to a man who for the greater part of his life served his fellow-citizens faithfully and well.

The name of the man is William Wood, and he lives in what was until lately a well-furnished, comfortable home at Normandy Road, on the outskirts of the city.

"Good, solid man"

For twenty-five years Wood was a member of the Exeter Police Force. His service was unblemished. He worked under four different chief constables, all of whom spoke highly of him

Frequently he was commended, and he received the police medal for an exemplary record.

When he retired, two years ago, Wood was presented with an inscribed gold watch by the chief constable and his comrades, and, in making the presentation, the chief described P.C. Wood as a "good, solid man, and one whom we are very sorry to lose."

Meet William Wood, ex-police constable; talk with him and you realise immediately how admirable is that description—"a good, solid man." The type of man who can never be driven; who will stand firm for his rights although the heavens fall.

And it is largely because of those excellent qualities that William Wood and his loyal wife have suffered so intolerably.

At the time of his retirement Wood had two sons, who were in business separately as dairymen in Exeter. The younger son was more or less an invalid, and so, when he left the police, Wood, the father, carried on a good deal of the work for his son.

This point is of vital importance in view of later events: Wood, senr., was never *in* the business. He never had the slightest share in its finances. He simply did the work to save his son.

Son's death

In July of last year, the younger son was in hospital gravely ill, but he was still able to direct his affairs; still insisted on signing cheques in payment of accounts.

About this time there was some dispute with a farmer, who supplied the Wood brothers, over the quality of milk, and, in consequence, the farmer's order was cancelled and he was told to send in his account and he would be paid.

When this disagreement happened the farmer was owed for two weeks' milk supply, a matter of £26 9s. 6d.

While this was all taking place, young Wood died, and then, of course, nothing could be paid from his estate until after probate had been granted.

Events now followed in quick succession. Wood, senr., received a letter from a solicitor, acting for the farmer, demanding payment of the outstanding account.

And before the month of July was out a summons was issued naming William Wood and his other son, Grenville Wood, as joint defendants.

Persistently and consistently William Wood denied all liability, maintaining that the milk business was not his. That contention is amply borne out by the documents in his possession.

What he had done was what any father in a similar position, with leisure and a pension, would have done—carry on the work for a son who was dying.

Owing to various legal delays, the case against Mr. Wood did not come on for hearing until the first November sitting of the Exeter County Court.

There was then a long and painstaking enquiry before His Honour Judge Lindley, taking the greater part of two days.

In his evidence Mr. William Wood made it as clear as he could that, in working the milk business, he was working for his dying son, and had not the slightest financial interest in the undertaking.

Arguments from the legal advocates followed, and at the end the learned judge gave judgment against Mr. Wood for the amount claimed with costs.

Imagine, then, the indignation of William Wood, the ex-police constable. He marched out of the Exeter County Court filled with a natural and perhaps righteous grievance.

"It is unfair," he declared as he stood outside the court on that cold November day. "I do not owe the money, and I never will pay."

That is the attitude he has taken ever since. And for that resolute, unflinching state of mind he has suffered martyrdom.

Home broken up

As a retired police officer he knew exactly what would happen, but he paid no heed to possibilities, and simply sat tight.

So in early December the officers of the court arrived at the house in Normandy Road with a warrant of execution.

They entered and seized everything of value in the home. They carried away the furniture. They stripped the walls of pictures and tore up the floor coverings.

What was once a "home" was left a bare shell of a house with only beds and bedding in the upper rooms.

This distraint by order of the court left the ex-policeman with a greater sense of injustice. For the reason that all the furniture seized and subsequently sold belonged to his wife.

On that point there is no possible doubt, for the receipted bills for the purchase of the goods and chattels are held by Mrs. Wood. She bought the home from small legacies she received from relatives. The home was entirely hers, and yet it was seized in the fashion we have described.

The enforced sale of the furniture and effects realised only a trifling sum of money, and in consequence the debt with costs and various legal charges accumulated against William Wood.

Actually the position to-day is that Wood is faced with a demand for no less than £54—judgment and accumulated charges—and unless he finds the money—which he still claims he does not legally owe—he inevitably will be sent to prison in Exeter Jail for contempt of court.

This man's home has been broken up; his health has been impaired by worry, and he is in an extremity of distress over the whole sorry affair.

He is a victim of unconscious injustice. He knows that he is right in the stand that he has taken, and because of that conviction he *will not pay*.

The stubbornness of Devon is in his soul. He is of the kind who will take any punishment rather than accept a wrong thrust upon him.

Nothing on this earth will make William Wood, late of the Exeter Police Force, pay what he does not owe.

Therefore he is faced with arrest and a debtor's cell.

New evidence has been secured, which if available at the original hearing must have affected the decision of the learned judge. This evidence is ready for the court at the present moment.

The scandal of this man's imprisonment cannot be permitted. It is with the confidence that—when the full facts are known—the whole case will be reconsidered, that JOHN BULL gives publicity to this unusual story.

Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

SEEKING ESCAPE

THE story has just reached me of a man in the prime of life who, to the great grief of those who loved him, found existence so intolerable that in a fit of depression he destroyed himself.

It is not an uncommon story, but the man who relates it to me has never been able to get over the shock of it, for the poor fellow who chose suicide as the way out of his troubles was the narrator's partner in business and dearest friend.

These two had been pals from boyhood, helped each other, struggled along together, built up a little business connection together, come through hard times together, and had just succeeded in turning the corner and begun to expect better days when the blow fell.

For some years before the end the man who is gone had been suffering from a painful though not necessarily fatal disease. He tried every remedy in vain; the malady grew worse. It robbed him of sleep and gradually wore him down by weakening his otherwise healthy system, as long-continued pain of mind or body always will.

No doubt he could have borne it even at the worst if there had been any sure prospect of a cure; but, as there was not, the time came when he felt he could no longer endure it and must take the only way out.

Do we not all know something of this state of mind? I do not mean the suicide but the feeling of desperation that in many cases leads to courses as extreme.

Again and again one hears people say that they are utterly tired of life, or rather of their particular kind of life, and would give almost anything to get away from it. They are weary of keeping on at the same dead level from day to day, weary of irksome tasks and disagreeable people, weary of pinching and scraping and the ceaseless strain of trying to make ends meet, weary of disappointment and of waiting for a better time that never comes.

Harder still to bear is the ordeal of seeing things go from bad to worse, of knowing that in spite of all your efforts you are slipping downhill and that all you have hitherto been able to do by struggle and sacrifice to stave off disaster will go for nothing.

Or perhaps the heart is taken out of you by the crash of a sudden calamity just as you had scored a hard-won success. Someone robs you of the fruits of it, or the last piece of bad luck that anyone could have foreseen sweeps them away.

You feel you cannot face the job of beginning again. All you want is to have done with it for ever.

Understand what is happening when this dangerous mood overtakes you. It is simply a failure of faith and courage on your part—quite natural but not to be indulged. Imagination has more to do with the blackness of the outlook than you think; things are seldom as bad as they look.

* * *

Some people give in very easily, and these are usually self-centred and wanting in moral principle. Never join their ranks.

Never be a quitter; never waste time in mourning over what you cannot alter; pull yourself together and hit back at fate: no man is finished till he thinks he is, and no game is ever lost while the will to win remains.

FINAL OFFER EXCLUSIVELY TO "JOHN BULL" READERS

New Year Gift of New Hair Tonic

to prove that Hair Will Grow on Bald Heads

and

Grey Hair Will Regain Natural Colour

FREE TESTING SUPPLY OF RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR TONIC FOR ALL READERS OF THIS NEWSPAPER

£1,000 GUARANTEE THAT ALL THE BRIEF REPORTS PRINTED HERE ARE GENUINE EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY MR. GODFREY

Post Special Form Below for Your Free Supply of Wonderfully Successful Hair Tonic

THE valuable Gift offered you here to-day is unique—because it may well prove to be a source of pride and satisfaction to you all the rest of your life. In fact it is nothing less than :—

Renewal of Your Hair if you are Bald, partly Bald, or in danger of losing your hair.

Renewal of Original Colour if grey or faded.

Improved Hair-Beauty and Stronger Growth for everybody.

The Gift is really FREE—there are no conditions or obligations. It is backed by the Renew-Hair Institute of Matlock Bath (the largest and most successful organisation in the world devoted to modern scientific hair-growing) in conjunction with Mr. Fredk. Godfrey, the well-known hair expert who discovered the hair-vitalising properties of radio-active water from the famous curative spring at Matlock Bath, when combined with the best hair-growing specifics.

In anticipation of an extraordinary demand for such a welcome gift, thousands of Presentation Parcels are being packed. Each contains :—

1. **Trial Supply of Radio-Active Hair-Growth Tonic.**
2. **Copy of Mr. Godfrey's fully illustrated Book on the Hair, explaining the true Secret of Hair Growth and Maintenance.**

Further, if you mention the nature of your Hair Trouble on the form below, you will also receive a letter of personal advice on your own hair condition.

As a result of a similar Gift Offer made in January of last year, thousands of "John Bull" readers who were almost resigned to being bald or grey for the rest of their lives to-day possess fine heads of youthful, strong-growing hair. The photographs on the right illustrate a few instances, which might be multiplied indefinitely.

Do not hesitate if your hair is not everything that you would wish. Remember Mr. Godfrey's unrivalled advice is at your service, as well as the Trial Bottle of Hair Growing Tonic, and the more people who take advantage of his Generous Offer, the more gratified he will be. There is nothing to pay, nothing to promise, and nothing will be sent you "on approval," so if you are at all worried about the health of your hair, or complete or partial loss of hair, this is your opportunity to test, free, a really great discovery. Simply fill up and post the form below.

1934 THE BEST RESOLVE of all

"I WILL Regain a Youthful Appearance this Year by Asking Fredk. Godfrey How to Regrow or Improve My Hair."

Mr. Frederick Godfrey.

NOTE :—Mr. Godfrey's Hair-Growth Tonic consists of the purest and most carefully tested specifics known to the medical profession in combination with radio-active water from the historic curative spring at Matlock Bath—which makes it unique in the results obtained.

Mr. Fredk. Godfrey thanks his thousands of "JOHN BULL" Reader CLIENTS for recommending his Treatment to so many of their friends.

Printing the Instructions for using the Hair Growth Gifts.

Filing the Reports of 300,000 Cases of Hair Growing.

The Laboratory where Research and Testing continue ceaselessly.

Packing the Free Gift Parcels in anticipation of a world-wide demand.

POST THIS

and secure Your

FREE GIFT PARCEL

to Bring You

NEW AND BETTER HAIR

To Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY ("John Bull" Special Offer Dept.), Whatstandwell, Derbyshire.

Please send me FREE Trial Bottle of Radio-Active Hair Tonic, your Book and Letter of Advice. I enclose two 1½d. stamps (value 3d.) to cover postage and packing.

NAME ....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS ....

....

Please Print in Block Capitals ....

"John Bull," 17/2/34.

Hair Receding on Forehead.
Baldness.
Bald Patches.
Greyness.
Hair Coming Out.
Thin, Weak Hair.
Dandruff.
Scurf.
Greasy Scalp.
Dry Irritation.

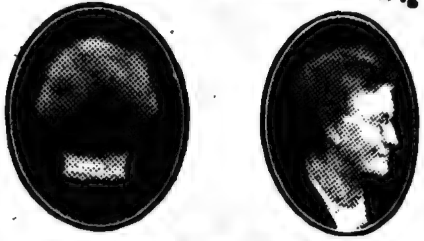
Please place mark against your hair trouble in list above.

Hair-Growing Extraordinary

There is no need to despair about the condition of your hair. Read the following signed reports of severe cases and let Mr. Godfrey do as much for you.

Doctor Held Out No Hope

Hairdresser Advised a Wig



2, Council House, Tilkey Road,
Coggeshall, Essex. Nov. 11, 1933.

My head was as bald as my hand. I consulted a doctor, but he told me there was no hope of growing new hair on account of my age (67). I also consulted a well-known hairdresser at Colchester, but he could only advise a wig. After using your preparation for about one month there were distinct signs of new hair, and after three months I had a good crop of hair two inches long. Now, after six months, my head is completely covered with curly hair, which promises to be nicely waved.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) M. WADE.
(On behalf of my grandmother, Mrs. C. Wade.)

Another Case of Complete Baldness

"Before" — and — "After"
Taking Mr. Godfrey's Advice.

14, Collin Place,
Sutton Avenue, Leicester.

To Mr. Godfrey, Britain's Premier Hair Specialist.

Dear Sir,—Some time ago I lost eyebrows and lashes and every hair on my head. Time and again I tried all kinds of treatment, but I got no results till I began to despair, and think I should remain bald. I felt ashamed to go about; it even changed my appearance till friends hardly recognised me. Finally I wrote to you stating my case, and undertook your Treatment. Imagine my joy when I saw new hair appear through my scalp, until it has reached the present stage.

Yours faithfully, J. BURTON.

Believed to be a World's Record

Hair Grown after Fifty Years' Baldness.

115, North Road,
Southend-on-Sea.

My wife, up to three months ago, had a **completely bald head** from the age of four years. Since using your Treatment she has a lovely head of hair which seems to be growing every day. The new hair began to show after two or three weeks. She is pleased to be able to go out now without a cap, after having had to wear one for about 50 years.

GEORGE W. SEYMOUR.
(On behalf of my wife, Susan Seymour.)

Baldness now Completely Cured.

Bampton.

You will see that I am completely cured now, and have a lovely head of hair, of which I feel very proud, after having been completely bald on the back of my head, and having several patches in front.—(Signed)

D. LOMAN.

Worst Woman Agent Unmasked

A SHARK in SKIRTS

She pays him in excuses instead of in cash—small wonder that the employee-investor looks anxious . . .

WE have exposed many cruel investment-with-employment frauds, but we do not remember encountering a case where the shark employer was a woman, until recently.

The woman about whose activities we re concerned this week is Miss Emily Smith, who has been responsible for ome strange business deals.

Already she has successfully launched t least two shady undertakings—the Reliable General and Cinema Agency nd H. E. Patrick and Co., both with headquarters in Tottenham Court Road, London.

From the investigations we have made e have no hesitation in denouncing her s a positive danger to unwary investors.

Her chief assets are blue eyes, a plausible tongue and an open countenance which is likely to throw prospective dupes completely off their guard.

Startling discovery

For months past Miss Smith has been planning various schemes for attracting people, many of whom have invested money in her worthless businesses.

She began operations as the Reliable General and Cinema Agency, at Greek Street, Soho, but subsequently removed to the premises she now occupies in Tottenham Court Road.

As the result of replying to one of her advertisements, a young man living at Fulham was induced to hand over £100, part of which had been borrowed from friends, as security in this business.

In return he was promised a salary of £3 a week and 20 per cent. of the takings.

Here we would stress the fact that Miss Smith rarely asks for more than £100. Evidently she considers this a nice round figure!

After three short weeks things began to go wrong with the Reliable General and Cinema Agency. Instead of his salary he was paid small sums, Miss E. Smith explaining that business was so bad!

Optimistically, she prophesied that conditions would soon improve, but this hope was not fulfilled.

Finding that he could get neither his salary nor the return of his investment, the dupe placed the case in the hands of solicitors. But still no satisfaction was obtained.

Then came the startling discovery that Miss Smith and her associates were all this time impudently attempting to obtain investments from other prospective dupes by means of cunningly worded advertisements.

Our reader, to his credit, found opportunities to warn some of them in time to save their money from the outstretched hands of Miss Smith, for he realised now that the business was a fake and that his own money was as good as lost.

It was at this period that a man who was closely associated with Miss Smith appeared in the dock at the Old Bailey and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for investment - with - employment frauds.

Miss Smith attended the trial, but the result appears to have had no chastening effect on her, as she has carried on with her usual callous indifference.

Far from being depressed by the conviction of her companion, Miss Smith made no attempt to change her methods; all she did was to change her address.

Installed at the premises at Tottenham Court Road, she again advertised for partners, and this time found two women, who were both persuaded to invest £100 in the Reliable General and Cinema Agency.

These two women made great sacrifices to find the money, but they were not long in discovering that the agency was anything but "reliable."

Yet their blue-eyed employer, with all her usual charm, had promised a wonderful future to her latest victims.

Within a short while the salaries of the two women, which had been fixed at £3 a week, stopped, and the partners were offered beggarly sums of five shillings or ten shillings until business improved.

An unfortunate habit

Miss Smith wept crocodile tears of dismay and sorrow when she once again offered her stock "explanation" that the business was not prospering as she had hoped. But, of course, she did not add that her ventures had a habit of falling away like this immediately after anyone had invested money with her! Her words brought small satisfaction for the two women who had sunk practically their all in the business of this sinister and plausible woman.

We find that the agreements which these two dupes were given stated: "It is clearly understood that in the event of Miss —— terminating this agreement, the money invested is to be returned within six weeks."

These agreements were, of course, worth considerably less than the paper on which they were printed. All attempts to obtain the return of the money have failed most dismally.

Pressed for repayment, Miss Smith declared that the Reliable General and Cinema Agency had been taken over by H. E. Patrick and Co., "business transfer agents, valuers, etc."

She wasn't there

This concern has not been registered under the Business Names Act, but the printed letter-heading shows that the partners are H. E. Patrick, E. Smith and G. Elgin.

Miss E. Smith has been very much in evidence at Tottenham Court Road, except when callers have demanded the return of their investments.

Never content to rest on her laurels, this woman business shark has now started another campaign to attract investors, and the following advertisements have appeared in a London newspaper:

> £100. Partner req. bus. office. Dr. £4 and share profits. Commence at once, tuition given. Call Agency, ——, Tottenham Court Road.

> £125. Partner req. business brokers. Tuition to live man. £4 weekly, plus profits. For interview call, ——, Tottenham Court Road.

Both advertisements emanate from the address of Miss Smith, and a recent call at this office elicited the fact that the name of H. E. Patrick and Co. has now disappeared from the door and is replaced by that of A. Ascot.

But Miss Emily Smith is still in evidence there. The names on the office door may change from month to month, but Miss Smith appears to go on for ever!

'Ware this wizard

She told one recent caller that she has now enlisted the assistance of Mr. A. Ascot, who is a "real live wire" in the business transfer world.

"Only yesterday," she explained enthusiastically, "he sold two businesses before lunch."

Obviously, this Mr. Ascot is not only a glutton for work, but a wizard in business. Miss Emily Smith is proud of him.

But enough has been said to warn off any potential investor from having any dealings with Miss Emily Smith of the innocent blue eyes, or with anybody who may happen to be working with her.

As we have shown, she has spun web after web in which innocent investors have been caught to their ruin.

SLICK SALES TRICK

FOR unblushing impudence, Mr. W. Morgan and Mr. A. Morgan, who trade as the Holborn Warehouse Co., Ltd., of Staining Lane, London, re entitled to full marks.

This concern has been exposed in ese columns several times during the ast few years, but as the Morgans are gain active with a new scheme, another ord of warning is necessary.

Readers living at Edinburgh, Southmpton, York, and many other towns, ave received unsolicited particulars rom the Holborn Warehouse Company oncerning this new contest, which ppears to be too simple to be genuine.

Entry is free and the prizes range rom £25 to £125.

There is a picture of a group of performing seals, each balancing a letter. ive of the seals in the picture are alike, nd the competitor has to pick these out nd make up a word from the letters ey carry.

The entrance form contains this nteresting proviso:—

"But if you get the correct solution you are expected to patronise and recommend this warehouse."

Many people who entered this competition have been delighted to receive a letter from the Holborn Warehouse Company, as follows:—

> "I have just had news from the Competition Manager that your solution of the competition is absolutely correct, and I congratulate you on your success."

Then the successful competitor is told that he or she must purchase at least twenty shillingsworth of goods before the prize, the amount of which is not mentioned, can be awarded.

Thousands of competitors, joyful at the prospect of winning a prize, send £1 or more for goods. But even then they may not necessarily win a prize.

Write to
JOHN BULL
About It!

A leaflet, forwarded *after* they have entered the competition, imparts the following information:—

> "450 points are given for a correct solution and 40 points for a qualifying order. Five hundred points win first prize."

This means that the wretched entrants who have sent in correct solutions, and who have spent £1 or more with the company, are still ten points short of winning the first prize.

Our postbag shows that thousands of people in all parts of the country have been urged on to this stage in this involved and misleading scheme.

Obviously, as there is only one first prize, they cannot all be lucky, yet *all have been assured that the remaining ten points will be awarded on the personal recommendation of a satisfied customer.*

"It is only your recommendations which enable us to award these splendid prizes," they are told.

Such tricky methods of securing orders from simple folk cannot be too strongly condemned.

The most sought-after
singer in the world!

GIGLI

MAKES THE RECORD OF THE MONTH

Hear this great record! No other tenor in the world produces such lovely, perfectly rounded notes. Gigli can stagger you with his force and brilliance, and thrill you with the most delicate wisp of sound.

Mamma mia, che vò sapè (Nutile) (If my mother only knew). Musica Proibita. (Gastaldon) (Forbidden Music). DB1585 6/-

Two of his greatest successes re-recorded!

Paul Robeson

Here is Paul Robeson re-recording two of his own favourites—singing with even greater warmth, greater tenderness than before. Seldom have the rich tones of his voice been heard to such advantage.

Water Boy (arr. A. Robinson). Steal Away (arr. L. Brown), B8103 2/6

GRACIE AND GRETA IN NIGHT CLUB RAID

Beryl Orde

In impersonations of Mabel Constanduros, Zasu Pitts, Houston Sisters, Greta Garbo, Tallulah Bankhead, Georgie Wood, Gracie Fields.

Beryl Orde, the astoundingly brilliant impersonator, has made a new record in which a host of film and stage celebrities are "hailed before the beak" after a Night Club raid. The diabolical cleverness of Beryl Orde's imitations leaves you gasping. On reverse side *Jazz Justice (Pola).* B8104 2/6.

Lovely English Songs

JOHN McCORMACK: *Vespers (Howard Fisher), South Winds (Percy Kahn) (with pianoforte accompaniment by Percy Kahn),* DA1343, 4/-. PETER DAWSON: *England (M. Besly); Glory of the Motherland (McCall),* B8105, 2/6. WALTER GLYNNE: *I passed by your window (Brahe); There is a flower that bloometh (Maritana) (Wallace) (with orchestral accompaniment),* B8040, 2/6

Orchestras and Bands

MAREK WEBER AND HIS ORCHESTRA: *Songs Without Words; Potpourri (Mendelssohn, arr. F. White),* C2615, 4/-. LONDON PALLADIUM ORCHESTRA, conducted by Richard Crean, *The Whistler and His Dog (Pryor); The Warbler's Serenade (Perry),* B8004, 2/6. JOHN BARBIROLLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA: *Marche Militaire, Op. 51 (Schubert); Ballet Music Rosamunde, Op. 26 (Schubert),* C2637, 4/-. ALDERSHOT COMMAND SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO, 1933: *Sons of the Brave (Bidgood); El Albanico (Javaloyes),* B8106, 2/6

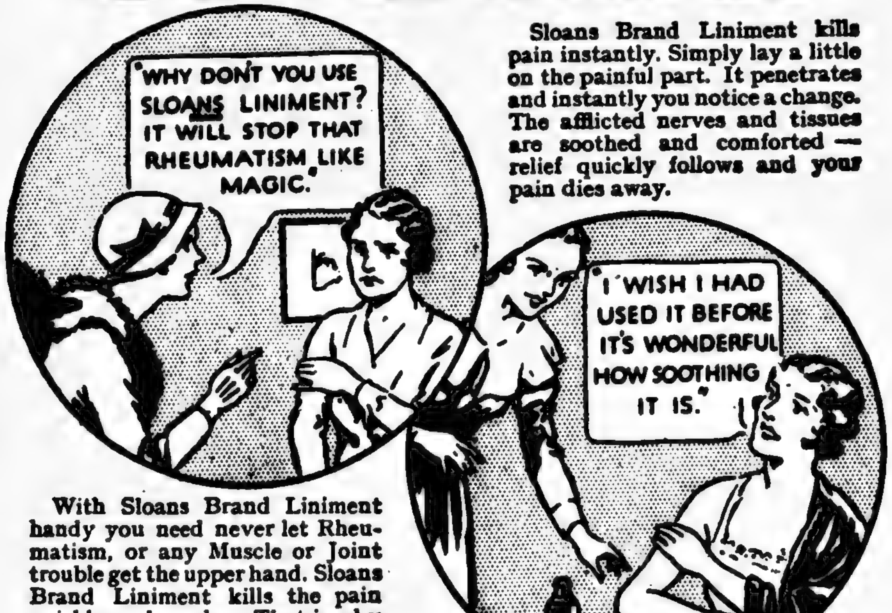
"His Master's Voice"

The Gramophone Co. Ltd., 98-108 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. (Prices do not apply in I.F.S.)

RHEUMATISM

Get Rid Of Your Pain This Way.

Sloans Brand Liniment kills pain instantly. Simply lay a little on the painful part. It penetrates and instantly you notice a change. The afflicted nerves and tissues are soothed and comforted — relief quickly follows and your pain dies away.


"WHY DON'T YOU USE SLOANS LINIMENT? IT WILL STOP THAT RHEUMATISM LIKE MAGIC."
"I WISH I HAD USED IT BEFORE IT'S WONDERFUL HOW SOOTHING IT IS."

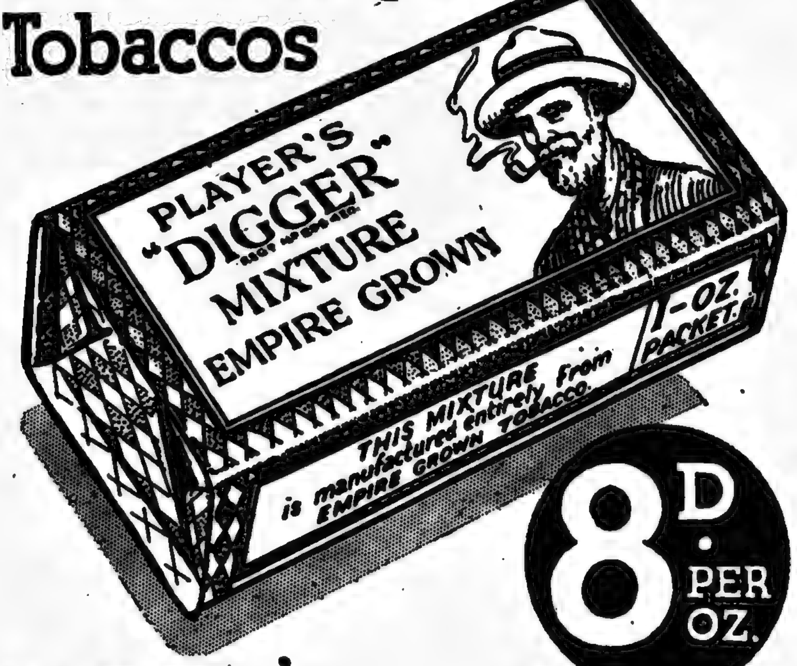
With Sloans Brand Liniment handy you need never let Rheumatism, or any Muscle or Joint trouble get the upper hand. Sloans Brand Liniment kills the pain quickly and surely. That is why it is kept handy by millions of people all over the world. Get a bottle to-day—see for yourself how quickly Sloans Brand Liniment kills pain.

Use Sloans Brand Liniment for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Sprains, Bruises, all Muscular Aches and Pains. Economical in use. One bottle goes a long way. At Chemists and Stores, now 1/9 per bottle.

MADE IN ENGLAND

SLOANS BRAND Liniment NOW 1/9

The most popular of ALL the Empire Tobaccos


PLAYER'S
"DIGGER"
MIXTURE
EMPIRE GROWN
1-OZ. PACKET
THIS MIXTURE is manufactured entirely from EMPIRE GROWN TOBACCO.
8D. PER OZ.

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

MIXTURE

There are also

DIGGER FLAKE ● DIGGER CUT PLUG ● DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER HONEY DEW ● DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

P.D.23

It is Unusual for a COLD CURE to bear a Money Back Guarantee

But overwhelming proof of the quick efficacy of 'QUINCASCA' Cold Cure Tablets in relieving the fever, catarrh and pains of Cold and Influenza, enables us to authorize your chemist to refund your money if, after a fair trial, you are not satisfied with results.

Tin of 30, 1/3; Family size 3 times the quantity 3/-. All Chemists, or post free from Laboratories (Dept. 8 A.) 12 Chenies St. London, WC1

QUINCASCA Cold Cure Tablets

FREE
Send postcard for trial sample.

Sold with a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back Guarantee.

ENGINEERS! ARE YOU EARNING LESS THAN £10 PER WEEK?

If so, you cannot afford to carry on without reading our 256-page Handbook. The book explains clearly and definitely many ways of carving out a successful career. Among other things, it explains the Services of our unique Appointments Department, outlines Home-Study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Motor, Aero, Wireless, "Talkie" Eng., Building, etc., and gives details of B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.A.E., G.P.O. Matric., and all Exams. We alone Guarantee—"No Pass—No Fee." Whether you be an old hand or a budding apprentice, get this book to-day—FREE and POST FREE.

256 PAGES
FREE!

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY,
56, Shakespeare House, 29/31, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.

VANISHING Night Club KING

Raided! This has happened a lot in Southend lately, where numerous shady clubs have been closed. But others still flourish, as this article shows

BEHIND the recent report that a big drive made at Southend-on-Sea has resulted in the closing of eighteen so-called "social and sporting" clubs of shady character, lies an amazing story.

At the annual licensing session, held the other day, the Chief Constable found that, besides the fifty licensed clubs already active, no fewer than twenty-eight came into being at this well-known seaside resort during the last twelve months.

It is significant that among these last were nine so-called "social" clubs, which, following raids by police officers, have been struck from the register.

Most of these mushroom clubs have been open to both sexes until the small hours of the morning.

At least seventeen have been found with open doors from ten p.m. until six a.m. Racing and gaming gangs have made them their rendezvous.

It is very evident that this part of Essex holds a peculiar attraction for wrongdoers, because only the other week we exposed a ring of racing rogues who made Southend their headquarters, though their dupes were scattered throughout the country.

And, just as the chief offender of these racing crooks succeeded in escaping from the police, so has the most notorious among the shady club promoters so far managed to slip through the net.

He is Harry Covill, and though he has lurked in the background of several disreputable club ventures, his present whereabouts is unknown.

We can, however, throw considerable light upon his recent activities.

A chapter in his mischievous career is afforded by the story of Mrs. Bella Simons, of Queen's Road, Southend.

This woman, by reason of her thrift, was the proprietress of commodious shop premises, which, at the instigation of Covill, she had fitted up as a club.

His boast

Covill impressed her by stating that he was the licensee of the Essex County Pool (Tote) Club, of London Road, Leigh-on-Sea.

He pointed out that a dozen "social" and "sporting" clubs, with which he was acquainted, were all prospering.

Mrs. Simons agreed to enter into partnership, negotiations being actually completed at another of Covill's clubs.

In the document he produced, Covill described himself and his first partner as the "company," and accepting Mrs. Simons as a third, agreed to take over her shop.

This woman's shop premises were forthwith converted into a club, additional heating and lighting apparatus were installed; gaming machines were brought in, and the place suitably furnished.

Covill himself took out the licence required to run the new club, and prepared a book of rules, naming himself as director.

Within a week of the agreement being signed the landlord of Covill's other club premises in London Road, Leigh-on-Sea, distrained upon the effects in order to secure his rent.

A week later the London Road venture was closed down, but this did not deter Covill from taking out a five-shilling licence to sell drink at the premises in Queen's Road.

Racing rogues

Among the members introduced by him were men notorious as belonging to the ring of racing rogues recently exposed by us.

The new club was soon in difficulties. Quantities of goods ordered in its name were removed by Covill in his car to premises elsewhere, and a county court judgment was registered against him.

Early in January, Covill took possession of all the available cash, and left Mrs. Simons to face the future with bills to pay, wages to find, and stamps to the value of several pounds to affix to the insurance cards of the employees.

Another venture with which Covill was associated was called the S.O.S. Club, Ltd.

He was the agent who advertised for investing partners for this concern, which likewise came to grief abruptly when the landlord seized the effects for his rent.

Recent letters addressed to the directors and members of this company by the registration authorities have been returned marked "gone away."

A more notorious night club with which Covill was intimately connected was called the "Cavern," with premises in a cellar in Market Place, Southend.

Registered in October last, it was closed recently by order of the local authorities, following a raid.

The Cavern Club was a sordid affair—as mysterious as its title implies. The only access to its underground club-rooms was by way of a narrow and dangerous staircase. The heating and sanitation arrangements were bad, and it was the scene of much illicit drinking and gaming.

But when the police raided this notorious haunt Covill could not be found. Two men in charge of it were prosecuted.

One of these men had advertised for work, and had parted with £20 for the doubtful privilege of securing a post with this short-lived venture.

Covill himself has made considerable use of newspaper advertisements for the purpose of getting in touch with prospective victims.

At different times, he has described himself as a "financial agent," a "licensed valuer," "business transfer agent," "inventions agent," "partnership and estate agent," and as a "company secretary."

He once advertised in a London newspaper for a man with £100 to invest in a licensed club; and twelve months ago he engaged upon a campaign of advertising for men with capital from £100 to £5,000.

Avoid him!

On another occasion he advertised for a partner willing to invest £500 in an American agency, passport obtained, passage paid, £5 a week, and a share of the profits, the principal purpose being to market glass.

The latest information concerning this versatile club licensee, agent, and company secretary is that he is in the mail-order business, selling a trouser-clip under the style of Osoeezi Utilities, and that a further county court judgment has been recorded against him.

He is a man to avoid.

WAR-WOUNDED SISTER'S SWINDLES

A SCHEMING adventuress, who poses as "Sister Nelson," is touring the country and finding victims in many towns.

The police of at least five counties are already searching for this stylishly-dressed young woman, who so far has managed to avoid arrest.

Recently "Sister Nelson" arrived at a Malvern hotel and introduced herself as a member of the staff of St. Thomas's Hospital, London.

She was, she said, beginning a holiday which she wished to spend with her mother at Malvern.

The latter was joining her from her home in Warwick, and would arrive on the following day.

* * *

Limping a little, "Sister Nelson" explained that a leg wound, received in the war, was causing her temporary pain, and for that reason she did not want to climb many stairs.

The sympathetic manager of the hotel provided her with the best accommodation on the first floor.

Next morning she prepared to leave the hotel in order to meet her mother, who was arriving by an early train.

But before she departed, "Sister Nelson" had an interview with the manager, and asked him as a favour to cash a cheque for her pending the arrival of her allowance from St. Thomas's Hospital.

To inspire confidence she produced letters and documents bearing the names of well-known people whom she numbered among her friends.

The manager of the hotel was duly impressed and cashed the cheque.

Profuse in her thanks, "Sister Nelson" then set off to meet her dear mother. She did not return, but her cheque did, as it proved worthless.

The next exploit of this brazen adventuress was at Carnarvon, where she told a similar story with slight variations.

Here she again booked the best hotel accommodation available and obtained a considerable sum of money by leaving a parcel supposed to contain valuable securities, which had been sent by her solicitor in Lancaster.

This parcel was carefully locked up in the hotel safe.

When "Sister Nelson" failed to return, it was examined and found to contain not "precious securities," but soiled comic papers of ancient date!

Seeking fresh fields to conquer, "Sister Nelson" recently appeared at Norwich, where she engaged rooms at a well-known hotel.

She had been called away from St. Thomas's Hospital, London, she said, to arrange for a holiday for her mother, who was in bad health. Norwich, she thought, would have a bracing effect.

As in her previous exploits, "Sister Nelson's" gracious manner, charming appearance and plausible tongue won her sympathy and cash.

To the manager of the hotel she explained that she had been called away from London so suddenly to take care of her mother that she was unable to draw her salary from the hospital, but it would arrive in a few days.

Her story sounded so convincing that she was able to raise an immediate loan.

Then, as usual, "Sister Nelson" went out to meet her mother and never returned.

* * *

Reports from many counties show that "Sister Nelson" has found numerous victims who have been deceived by her clever scheming.

Her activities have become a source of annoyance to the authorities of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, and of other hospitals whose names have been grossly misused.

We can only hope that this warning may have the effect of bringing to an end the exploits of this brazen adventuress who lives by her wits.

The ROAD BACK for the Doomed 300,000

by EMANUEL SHINWELL,

ex-Minister for Mines

THERE are brighter faces in the coalfields. Coal sales are up; the decline in production seems to have been arrested, and thousands of miners who were glad to be working two or three shifts a week are now fully employed.

But the prolonged depression has left a serious malady behind. It is the legacy of chronic unemployment, infecting every hole and corner of the coalfields.

It is estimated that 350,000 mine workers of all grades are without work, for whom there is a slender prospect of their ever returning to their old occupation.

Even if the demand for coal reached the higher level of the boom years a vast amount of unemployment would remain, because modern methods of working in the pits can produce more coal with less labour.

The most tragic feature of the problem is the creation of derelict townships in the coalfields. They bear witness to the declining prestige of our largest industry. Once the scene of industrial activity, the silent pithead is now the pathetic centre of desolation.

Ragged army

These derelict townships are the cemeteries of the mining industry; within them repose the blighted hopes of thousands of families, for whom the winning of coal furnished the sole means of livelihood.

The plight of the people who live in these derelict villages is tragic beyond words. They cannot go elsewhere because no work is available so long as unemployment remains as acute as it is at present.

They must carry on, living without hope, the ragged, under-nourished outcasts of an industry which can no longer sustain them.

I have seen many of these places in my travels round the coalfields; in South Wales, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and even in the more prosperous districts of Notts and Yorkshire, and have wondered at the foolish waste of human life and material resources the spectacle of idle mines, idle men and idle land presents.

I saw one of these "derelicts" recently where coal has been worked for more than a century. Here is a township of 4,000 souls, depending upon the production of coal. Apart from a few railwaymen, some shopkeepers, and the usual professional people, the working population consists of miners, every one of them out of work.

On a former occasion, when I visited the place, two pits in the neighbourhood, employing nearly 1,000 men, were in full swing. There was an air of brightness about the place. Most of the men owned their houses, purchased in those more prosperous years. Their gardens and allotments were blooming. Situated amid beautiful surroundings, theirs appeared to be a model community.

The silence

When I saw the place recently there was no hum of machinery, no clanking at the pit-head. The pits had been closed for more than twelve months, the machinery was being dismantled, probably to be sold as scrap. Men and boys were lounging at street corners, the reading-room at the village institute was crowded, an air of profound melancholy pervaded the whole place.

Until the pit machinery is dismantled there is always hope in these derelict villages of work being resumed. Every rumour is eagerly seized upon and revives local optimism. Unfortunately, many mining villages have remained in this condition for years, fluctuating between hope and despair.

The younger men do make an effort to find work further afield, even tramping long distances to obtain it. Some are fortunate enough to strike a lucky spot, but for the majority the effort is fruitless—there simply is not enough work to go round.

Last year we produced 209,000,000 tons of coal. which was 10,000,000 tons below the figure for the previous year, and 34,000,000 tons less than in 1930.

Much of the fall in production is due to trade depression at home. A large amount of it, also, arose from the failure of foreign customers to buy as much coal as they had done before. It is partly due to the more efficient use of coal for steam-raising and domestic purposes; while the use of oil and electricity is exercising a considerable effect.

Thus the amount of work available for miners has been curtailed, so that in the past three years almost 100,000 men have lost their employment. And the situation was already serious in 1930, when it was estimated that 250,000 were out of work.

The fine spirit and unselfishness of the miners are revealed in the many work-sharing schemes operating in some of the coal districts.

Men have voluntarily sacrificed two and three days of their working time to their unemployed mates. Although this represents a big loss in wages, they are bearing the burden willingly. It is a wonderful tribute to the kindness and self-sacrifice that abounds in the coalfields.

In one of the Yorkshire collieries where 2,000 men were employed, bad trade led to the suspension of 800 of them. Those who were working called a meeting and decided to ask the management to agree to the work being shared out.

Instead of 1,200 working five shifts a week, and the others being on the "dole," all of them are now working three shifts a week.

In one of the Durham mining townships, where I was recently, I heard that the men at one of the largest pits were taking a ballot to decide whether to operate a work-sharing scheme. In this pit 3,000 men are normally employed, but owing to the closing of a seam of coal, 900 men lost their jobs. The men recognise that it is just an accident that men are working in one seam instead of another, and are proposing to share the work on a three-day basis.

Best cure?

Several of these schemes are operating in South Wales and in other parts of the coalfields, but it is doubtful whether they will become universal owing to the serious effect on the earnings of the men.

The Minister of Labour may also have something to say about it, because it has a tendency to throw more men on to the unemployment register.

Yet there is a growing feeling throughout the coalfields that the distribution of the available work over the largest possible number of miners provides the best means of relief from the evils of unemployment.

In the past five years no less than £100,000,000 has been spent in unemployment allowances in the coal industry. This is in addition to the large sums expended by various local authorities in relief to able-bodied, but out-of-work, miners. An average of £20,000,000 every year means that every ton of coal used for industrial and domestic purposes at home bears a tax of 2s.

If there was a proposal to increase the price of coal by 2s. a ton, there would be a loud outcry against such an imposition. Yet we go on paying this amount through the medium of relief without appearing to notice the fact.

If the hours of work in our mines were reduced to six per day, it would provide additional employment for nearly 200,000 miners. But if hours of labour are reduced while wages remain the same it leads to an increase in the cost of producing the coal.

Toiling veterans

I wonder whether it might not be more useful to use the amount spent on unemployment allowances to meet any increase in the cost of production, if in doing so we could put back into work nearly 200,000 unemployed men?

I know that it represents a drastic departure from our usual methods, but there can be few people who can regard without considerable concern the spectacle of this vast amount of labour remaining in perpetual idleness.

I am told that between 60,000 and 70,000 men above the age of sixty are still working underground. As most of them would start work at about the age of twelve, they may be said to have done their bit in the getting

Three hundred thousand miners are waiting to join this trek back to the workings. They must not wait in vain!

of coal. Suppose they were given the chance of retiring on a pension of, say, a pound a week, it would leave the field clear for the employment of 60,000 younger men.

I would rather see an elderly person playing about with an allotment or spending his time at a miners' institute during the daytime than see groups of younger men in the prime of life lounging around street corners.

I expect it would cost £3,000,000 a year to provide the pensions, and it might not be too much to ask the owners of mining royalties to bear part of the cost.

Anyway, I am certain of this; no working miner would refuse to pay a weekly contribution towards a pension scheme if it served the double purpose of retiring the aged miner and putting many of his younger mates back into work.

Already some of the coal districts are preparing pension schemes. In Lancashire, both owners and men have agreed to set aside the bulk of the funds allotted to that area out of the Miners' Welfare Fund, and propose to use the amount for pensions.

They could have had recreation centres and institutes instead, but prefer to take the long view. Many Lancashire pits have exhausted their coal resources; the derelict mines are a common feature in the district, and mining unemployment has become chronic.

Just recently a report appeared in the Press of an inquest on a boy under fifteen years of age who had met with a fatal accident in a South Wales pit. The coroner expressed his surprise at the boy's age, but was even more astonished when he learned that the boy had entered the pit straight from school.

Pit children

"What, a mere child!" he exclaimed. "It ought not to be allowed," he added. (These sentiments will be echoed by many people.)

There are 30,000 boys under the age of fifteen working in the mines at the present time. On social and industrial grounds it might be desirable to prohibit their employment. Pit work is too dangerous and too arduous for a boy under fifteen years of age.

Until the school-leaving age is raised, boys in mining districts who intend to take up mining might undergo a course of training, and prepare themselves for the kind of work they will be expected to do when they go underground.

We can safely assume that by taking away from the pits those who are too old and those who are too young, with a reduction in the working hours of those who remain, employment for almost 300,000 men can be found.

In some such fashion the back of the terrible unemployment evil in the coalfields could be broken.

If schemes for the production of oil from coal were speeded up, several thousands more would find work. I know there has been wholesale exaggeration regarding the benefits to be derived from modern methods of treating coal. If we produced the whole of our present oil requirements out of our coal resources it would not provide work for more than 60,000 miners. Even then it takes a long time to instal the plant required.

But it can be done. And I am afraid that unless something is done soon the position in many of our mining villages will become intolerable.

Where the coal measures are exhausted we may require to transfer men, women and children to other more virile industrial areas. And I don't see how this can be done effectively without Government assistance; the victims of the industrial blizzard have no longer any means of their own.

Where the coal is plentiful, but where pits have been forced to close because the costs of production are higher than elsewhere, we may have to consider whether it would not be to our advantage to come to their assistance rather than permit the opening of new pits in other districts.

If the industrial life of a mining village can be restored, it is foolish to stand aside and watch its gradual decay, with all it means in the breaking up of homes and families.

I sometimes wonder whether we are not getting our coal too cheaply. Consumers have no desire to pay more for their coal supplies if they can be obtained at existing prices. But frequently there is too wide a difference between the price of coal at the pit-head and the price the consumer pays.

It may be necessary to look into the question of distribution before the retail price is properly adjusted.

By adding a shilling a ton to the present pit-head prices it would give the industry £10,000,000 of additional revenue. And this is possible without adding anything to the export price, which, in face of foreign competition, could not bear any increase.

It would be unwise to increase the fuel costs of other industries by more than they could pay without adding to their own burdens; but gas and electricity undertakings could easily meet the higher price, yet not impose any increase on their customers.

A square deal!

I refuse to believe that there exists any desire to gain at the expense of the mining community.

There must be a fair and square deal for the industry as a whole. I am convinced that this only requires to be stated to evoke a sympathetic response in every quarter.

We should not allow miners and their families to endure the misery that is associated with prolonged idleness if there is any prospect of finding a remedy.

Coal is the greatest of our industries. Upon its prosperity, to a very large extent, depends the prosperity of the country. We should not neglect any opportunity of preserving and developing a great national asset.

Neither should we allow the unemployment evil to remain the miner's "bogey." It breeds distress and insecurity. We cannot lightly reject any proposal which may assist in its speedy disappearance.

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MY DARK PLOT—*with a Happy Ending!*

A JEALOUS WIFE'S Confession

THE one action of my life of which I am really and truly ashamed ended, strangely enough, as a comedy.

As I look back on it now, I can laugh. Yet at the time I suffered, during twenty-four hours, perhaps more than I have ever suffered mentally in the whole of my forty-five years.

I suffered because of my own jealousy. I was jealous of my husband's hobby. I was jealous without foundation, without real cause. And it was jealousy that led me to the action that, if Providence had not intervened in so strange and humorous a way, might well have wrecked my married life.

But I was lucky. Fate turned round and made a fool of me; and for that reason I shall be eternally grateful to Fate. I find it hard to describe the many reasons that led me to the point where I committed the act which then filled me with such shame—and now makes me laugh at my own absurdity.

The jealousy was of slow growth, fed continuously by apparently infinitesimal things that suddenly, at a critical time of my life, flared up and drove me on.

And now that I have an opportunity to unburden myself, I feel happier than I have ever felt about it. For until I wrote these words, nobody knew my story—not even my dear, patient husband.

HE was always so patient and kind—how could I ever have contemplated such an action? He was of the placid type. He was head clerk in a warehouse in a town of the provinces. He was regular in his habits. He was a wonderful lover in the early days.

Although he did not make a great parade of his feelings, I knew from the beginning during those first eight years that are so important in married life, that he was fond of me as no other man could be.

I, too, was fond of him. Our two children were growing up, healthily, happily. We found great joy in them. Life was very full for me. It was a joy to see the three people who were dependent on me being made happy by my efforts, by the comfort I had installed in our little home, by the food I cooked, by the hundred and one things a wife and mother does for those who are dear to her.

The children grew, and were away at school all day, and I was alone. But I was happy in the knowledge that they would be back in the evening, telling me of their troubles and successes, telling their father of their hopes and fears. . . .

"JOHN BULL"
Readers' Stories
72

The years passed, and the children went to work. Each of them had a good position, with promise for the future. They used to go out a good deal in the evenings; sometimes to the pictures; sometimes for rambles with friends of the opposite sex. That did not worry me; I wanted them to enjoy their youth.

My husband had taken up gardening on an allotment which he had obtained from the urban district council. We lived in an industrial town, and had no garden of our own. It did him good to get out on to his bit of land, digging and hoeing and tending the chrysanthemums in which he took such pride.

He had always been mad about flowers, and now he was growing his own. It took up a good deal of his time. He would go straight to the allotment from the tram on his way home in the late summer and autumn evenings, and come home to his supper often as late as nine and ten o'clock at night.

He became so wrapped up in his chrysanthemums that he could think of little else. Even when he was at home he used to dream over catalogues which he received from flower firms.

He sat by the fire in the autumn evenings and browsed among those pictures of chrysanthemums. He used to read them through and through again, wondering whether he could afford to go in for some of the expensive varieties. He was "chrysanthemum mad."

THIS went on for a year or two. I saw little of him in Spring, summer and autumn. I saw little of the children, for they were out on their own affairs, of which, like most children growing up, they told little to their mother.

Up in the morning, get the breakfast, see the three of them off—and I was alone till practically bedtime.

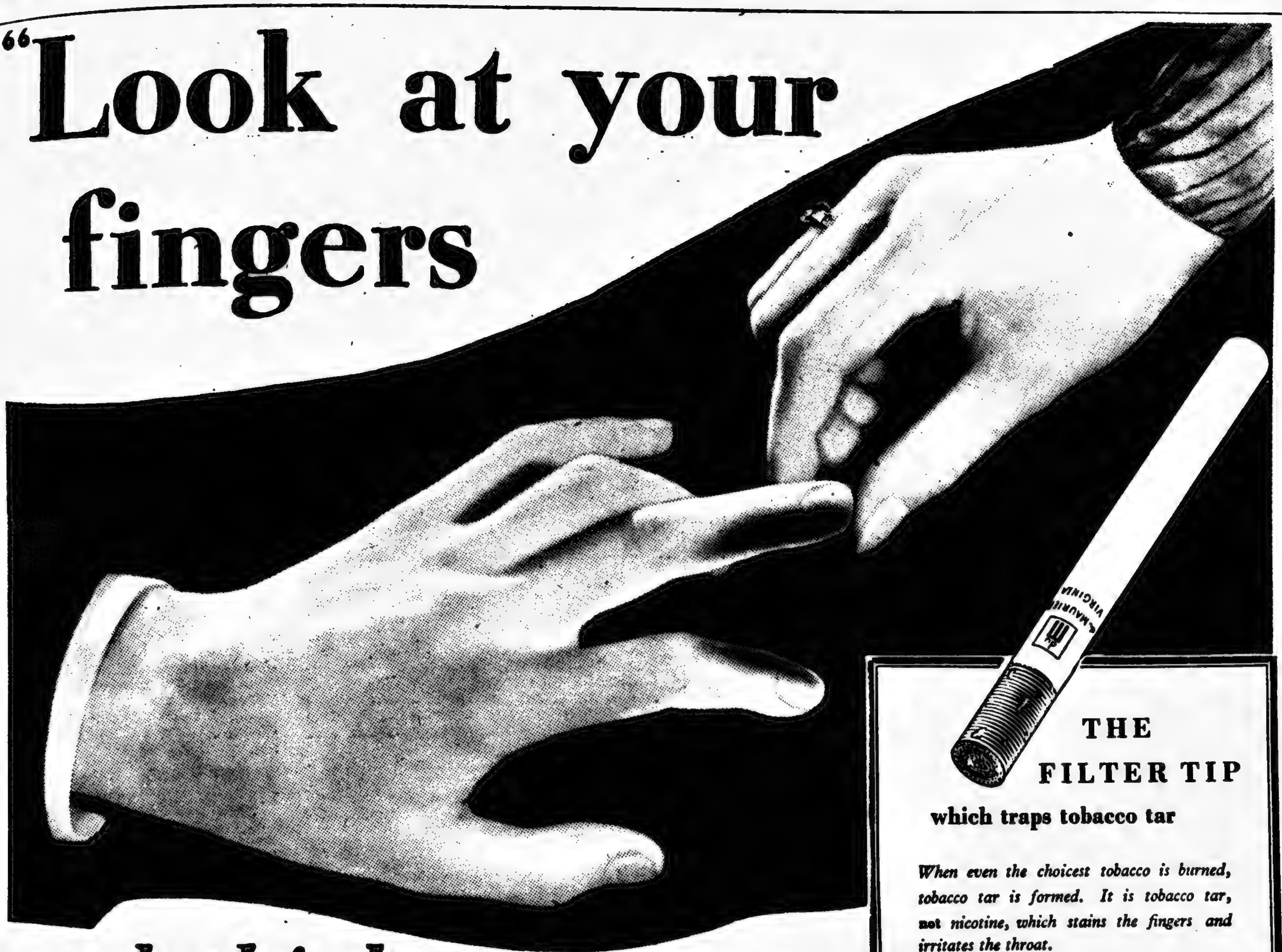
As time went on it began to tell on me, I suppose. Anyway, I grew nervy and irritable. I began to brood and think things I had never thought before. I began to feel resentful that everybody else should have something interesting to do, and myself nothing. I was tired, I suppose.

Housework began to irritate me, too. Life seemed so monotonous, so dead. I tried to interest myself in books from the local library, but all the silly love-making in them seemed so unreal. I suppose I had forgotten about that side of life, what with bringing up the children and looking after a husband and a home.

I wonder if you who read this can

(*Continued on page 26*)

"Look at your fingers



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Nicotine is colourless, volatile, non-irritant **—but tobacco tar is dark brown, semi-solid, hot and acrid.**

The filter tip is so constructed that it traps tobacco tar and other irritants, and so increases the pleasure and charm of smoking.

and think of your throat

The cause of that stain is the cause of your cough—*tobacco tar!* Protect your fingers and you protect your throat. The filter tip of a du Maurier traps tobacco tar—traps the cause of burning, dryness and hoarseness. It releases the true Virginia taste—cool and smooth, whole and unblemished. *Nicotine, the charmer* . . yes. *Rich, round flavour* . . yes. But a stain for your fingers, an irritant for your sensitive throat—*definitely no.*

¶ Have you tasted rare Virginia as it really should be?

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actually helps digestion

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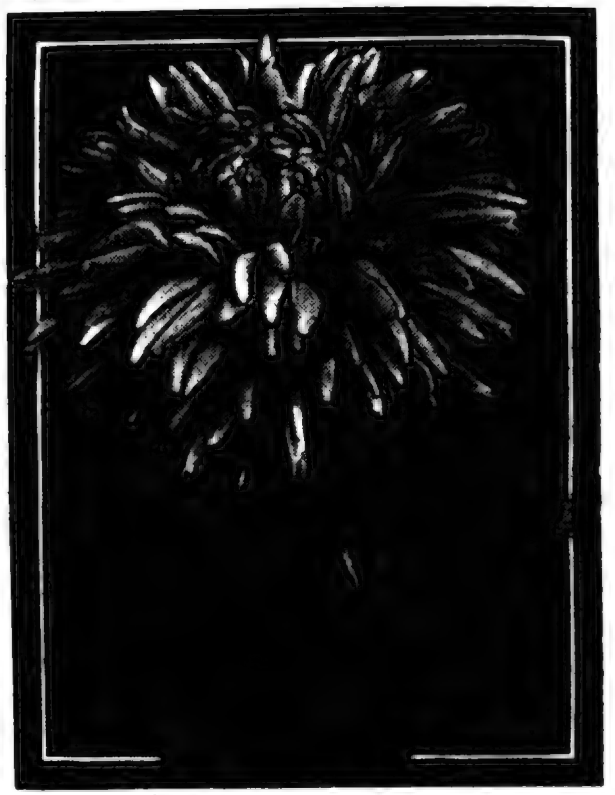
"JEALOUS WIFE'S CONFESSION"

(Continued from page 24)

THE Tragi-Comedy OF THE Cut Flowers



understand? I think you may. I think you may realise that, growing older, I began to feel dissatisfied and disillusioned. I began to think that I had missed so much, while the others seemed to be finding something.

I began to resent my husband's constant absence at his allotment. I forced the thought away from me—but it persisted. I knew I resented his chrysanthemums. They took him away from me so much. He had ceased to be interested in me; he was interested only in his flowers. Even when I spoke to him by the fireside of an evening he scarcely heard me, so intent was he in his catalogues and books.

Perhaps I would not have done what I did if I had not been so unwise as to mention my loneliness to a neighbour—Mrs. Smith, I will call her.

"Busy with his chrysanthemums every night, is he?" she said, raising her eyebrows. "Oh yes, I know. My first husband was like that. Tulips was his hobby. Well, tulips it was. But . ." she gave me a look, "I found there was a girl at the back of those tulips. I soon settled her hash when I found out, I can tell you."

I KNEW there was nothing like that about my husband. But her remarks fed the seed of jealousy.

I began to hate the chrysanthemums. Even though I knew he loved them; even though I knew he expected to carry off the prize at the local show; even though I knew he was trying to beat Ted Jenkins, who also had an allotment and was his only rival for the chrysanthemum championship cup at the show.

My only excuse is that my nerves were frayed. That I was irritable. The children noticed it, and it drove them farther away from me.

My husband noticed nothing—and that annoyed me even more. He didn't care about me. He didn't want me. He had other interests. I was alone, unwanted, uncared for.

I brooded and brooded. I hated those chrysanthemums more and more, because they were depriving me of something I loved—for I did love him—even though at that time I felt I sometimes hated him for neglecting me.

I did not want him to be happy at my expense. I wanted him to be interested in me. But he had no eye, no mind, except for his flowers.

Perhaps I wouldn't have done what I did if, in trying to kill my jealousy by taking an interest in his chrysanthemums, I hadn't walked up to the allotment one evening. I saw him standing there, talking to a woman. She was one of our new neighbours—a young woman whose husband had also taken an allotment.

I turned and walked back, with bitterness in my heart. Even then I knew there was nothing in Mrs. Smith's suggestion. But I hated the chrysanthemums all the more.

I was sullen that night when he returned. But he didn't notice it. He never noticed anything. I went to bed with bitterness in my heart. I awoke with bitterness in my heart. I prepared breakfast sullenly. But he did not notice, and went off to his tram without concern—thinking of the moment when he would return to his chrysanthemums.

THAT evening I could not stand it any longer. I was sewing. He came home earlier than usual, because it was raining. I tried to swallow my bitterness, and asked him a pleasant question about his work. He did not answer; he was wrapped up in a flower catalogue and never heard me.

I packed up my sewing, flung it into a work-bag, went to my bedroom, came back with my hat on, and told him, angrily, that I was going to see Aunt —— (who lived a mile away). If he didn't want me, I said, *she* might. And perhaps she would be glad to talk to me, even if he wasn't.

He looked up then, mildly, his gentle eyes only half visible to me through his shining spectacles.

"All right, my dear," he said, "I hope you find her well."

And he went back to his catalogue.

I seized my sewing bag and went out, burning with rage. Poisoned by bitterness, I walked savagely, my mind seething with anger and jealousy. And presently I found myself walking past the allotments—for this was the short cut to my aunt's house.

The sight of the allotments fed my anger. And the sight, when I came upon it, of the chrysanthemums gleaming white in the darkness of the evening stirred my jealousy to fever-pitch.

I saw them as the source of all my misery. I hated them. I loathed them. And at that moment, while my angered fingers gripped my sewing-bag, I felt the scissors prick me through the cloth. . . .

I do not remember exactly what happened. But I know that, a few seconds later, I was back again . . . and the gleaming chrysanthemums were lying on the muddy earth . . . and I walked away . . . and my mind could still hear the snip-snip-snip of scissors . . . and a strange triumph filled me and made me feel as I suppose people feel when they are drunk.

But not for long. When I got home that night I was horrified at what I had done. I was ashamed. Those "snips" of the scissors had let the anger out of me.

I SAW myself as I was—a silly, jealous woman—envious of her husband's one hobby in life. Fool, fool, fool . . . I kept saying. You've spoiled his happiness, this man who is so mild and kind and gentle, who has never said an unkind word to you. . . .

I couldn't look him in the face—but he did not notice that—and I did not mind now. . . . Kind and gentle: the thought obsessed me. Even if he was interested in flowers more than in me – what of it? . . . If I were lonely at home, he was lonely at work. . . .

My jealousy was gone. My hatred, my envy, my malice—all gone. I know I loved him, and hated myself.

I never slept that night. I disturbed him by my tossings and turnings. All next day, after he and the children had gone, my mind was filled with shame. I imagined his misery when he went to the allotment that night . . . his suffering . . . his disappointment. I had killed his love for me; destroyed his chance of winning the cup.

I don't know how I got through the day, waiting for his return. As the hour approached I was in a state bordering on hysteria. I felt I couldn't face it. But I did. . . . He came in late: I dared not look at him. I waited for him to speak.

He greeted me—as usual.

With agonising slowness he went to his armchair by the fire. Took off his shoes. Sat down.

I looked at him, amazed, wondering. His dear face was mild and gentle as always. His glasses glimmered in the firelight. He looked sad, nevertheless.

He picked up a catalogue. Glanced at it. Then he looked up at me.

"It's a shame," he said. "A rotten shame."

"I held my breath, waiting.

"A dirty shame," he said. "All poor old Ted Jenkins' chrysanthemums have been cut down in the night. Ted reckons it's some of those boys he warned off the allotments yesterday. . . ."

I don't know how I got out of the room.

But I remember sobbing and sobbing on my bed. Sobbing in thankfulness, in happiness. Sobbing so long, apparently, that presently my husband came to the foot of the stairs and asked if there would be any supper to-night.

When, after I had bathed my eyes, I went down—I was laughing. It was cruel to laugh, I suppose, considering that I had ruined Jenkins' chance of competing with my husband.

I laughed, I suppose, because of the relief, because of the comedy of life, because of the lucky intervention of Providence, because—well, because I had been most effectively cured of my absurd jealousy

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Stranded Family

"I MANAGE so that I think the children are never actually hungry. I would not say the same about my husband and myself," said the mother of six-months-old Michael.

Michael

All the sickening anxiety of trying to keep six people and pay a weekly rental of one pound, out of the twenty-eight shillings a week allowed in "relief," is a comparatively new experience for Michael's mother, who was in comfortable circumstances until 1931.

Her husband, who, like herself, was born in England, went to Australia as a youngster. He was wounded at Gallipoli, which resulted in the loss of an eye, but has no pension, as he accepted a gratuity of £120.

He married in 1919, and went back to Australia, where his two eldest boys were born. He prospered in his engineering work, travelling in Australia, Africa and the Argentine, and in 1931 his firm granted him three months' leave, and he suggested that his wife and boys should come for a trip to England.

It was a fatal trip, for his job unexpectedly came to an end. His savings also came to an end, and, unable to find work in England, he was soon penniless, and there was nothing for it but to apply for relief. The family now comprises, in addition to the boys born in Australia, Michael and his two-year-old brother. The elder boys are longing to return to Australia, and their dad knows that, with his excellent credentials, he could find a good job "down under." Were he, however, to work his passage abroad, with the idea of sending for his family when he had secured work, the relief allowed his family would cease. So he can only grit his teeth and watch his wife and boys getting more anæmic each day for lack of proper nourishment, and the arrears of rent mounting up.

But Michael's mother still smiles. "I did not know," she said, "until I lived with the poor that there were so many decent people in the world."

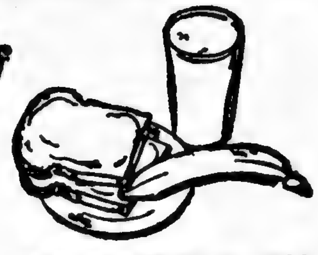
Our readers can also be her good friends by sending donations earmarked "Michael," which, with subscriptions to the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

When you can't spare the time for a meal . . .

When you're chained to your desk . . .

When the lunch hour is your shopping hour . . .

Buy a ¼ lb. block of Cadburys Milk and get as much nourishment as ➡ A GLASS OF MILK, TWO SLICES OF BREAD & BUTTER & A BANANA



When you are hungry Cadburys Milk Chocolate gives you a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. That satisfaction is *real* satisfaction. Laboratory analyses show that the energy-giving power of a quarter of a pound of this chocolate is equal to that of a glass of milk, two slices of bread and butter, and a banana.

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE

a very nourishing food

"I was tired out — nervy —"

"I used to JUMP if a door slammed

"Now—I feel brand new"

"The Zeppelins used to come right over our house in Kent during the War. But I wasn't run down then — so I didn't get nerves at all!

OVERWORKED BY LARGE FAMILY

"This last winter, having a big family to look after — and practically no one to help me — made me so run down that even my nerves got tired out. It was just sheer overwork. I used to jump if a door slammed or a car banged . . . Then a friend of mine who's a trained nurse told me plainly how nervous breakdowns happen.

WHAT THE NURSE SAID

"She said I needed Hall's Wine. The very first wineglassful seemed to rest my nerves. Taking it regularly after meals, for 2 months, I was as well and strong again as during the War. Overwork or nerves don't bother me now. I feel brand new. Wishing your Hall's Wine every success." *(Mrs.) L. Bracewell, 7 Kidacre Street, Leeds.*

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Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

Hall's Wine is recommended by the British Analytical Control Ltd. Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, it has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic gives. Thousands of letters prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (*actual letters open for inspection*) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith and Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

Mother is never tired
she drinks the
4 FOODS IN 1

Poor mother — how she used to worry,

everything seemed to be a trouble

but now what a change has taken place.

They all have a cup of the 4 foods in 1, in the evenings.

And they're a happy, contented family all day long.

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BRITISH LIQUID MALT EXTRACT
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Helping the OLD FOLKS

Old Folk—a study by E. O. Hoppe, the famous photographer

DIFFICULTIES arise even in the best-regulated families. What is to be done, for instance, when duty calls in two opposite directions at once? Many a man has to make a choice between his mother and his wife; many a woman between her husband and her child. And these problems of conflicting loyalties are among the most difficult to solve.

Here is a letter sent to me by a young wife. She has been married, she tells me, for two and a half years. Until six months ago, she went to the home of her parents—a twopenny 'bus ride away—three times every day to nurse her sick mother. Since her mother's death she has gone once a day to help her father and grandmother—the latter an old lady of eighty-five, unfortunately suffering from cancer.

"I go down home," she says, "from 11.30 to 12.30, just to do what I can for her and to get my father's dinner ready. Other people seem disinclined to do for them because of my grandmother's complaint and because my father is somewhat irritable with strangers, though he is really one of the best in the world.

"The trouble is that my husband, whom I dearly love, objects to my going home like this, though I am always back for meals and have them ready for him. The problem is causing me much uneasiness. I feel I ought to study my husband's wishes; but I feel, too, I owe a duty to my father. I was a delicate child and my parents were very good to me."

* * *

This is not an easy problem to solve. The sympathy of many people would go out to my correspondent's father and grandmother. After all, they are in need and this woman seems the only one to whom they can turn.

The husband, at first sight, seems to be inconsiderate, to say the least. Why should he seek to prevent his wife from doing what is an act of duty as well as an act of mercy?

But I am not sure that is the correct view to take of things.

My correspondent does not say much about her husband. She does say, however, that she loves him dearly. This leads me to infer that he is a decent fellow and one who would not oppose his wife's desires without some good reason. It may be that he sees her health is suffering under the strain. Naturally, every decent husband is concerned about his wife's health.

If that is so, what is to be done?

Is it not possible for a district nurse to attend to the grandmother? If not, I think the old lady would be better off in a hospital, where her people could still visit her and yet she would receive skilled attention and nursing.

* * *

If the comfort of the grandmother is secured in this way, it should not be difficult to arrange for someone to look after the father. If the matter is broached to him kindly, he will see the reasonableness of the suggestion. His daughter calls him "one of the best in the world." That being so, surely he will realise that his daughter cannot be expected to run two houses and that her first duty is to her husband and her own home.

My second letter this week comes from a girl of twenty-three who was widowed after only four years of married happiness. Her husband lost his life in a great air disaster a few years ago. As a result, she was awarded a small pension and returned to her parents' home, where later a baby daughter was born.

In addition to this pension, she tells me, there is a lump sum of compensation money invested through the county court which can only be acquired for the purpose of buying a house. She says she would like to get the house, preferably somewhere on the coast, in order to take in visitors and so give her baby "a better chance than she is getting now."

"But for the fact that my father is out of work," the letter goes on, "I would not hesitate. I feel, however, that if I left them now I should not be doing my duty to my parents, as I know they could not carry on without my help. What course should I be justified in taking?"

Quite apart from any obligation to her parents, I think my correspondent would be extremely unwise to launch out on the scheme she contemplates. If she were older than she is, if her daughter were of an age to assist her, and economic conditions more stable than they are, I would not throw cold water on her plan.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Probed by

PHILIP INMAN

who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

The risks, however, in the present circumstances, are too great. Apartment letting has not been altogether a profitable business in the last few years, and this girl's position in the event of failure would be desperate.

She would be landed with a house upon which rates and taxes would be continually falling due, and she would have little or no income to meet them. If she were forced to sell, she might lose heavily, for to buy a house is one thing, to sell it is quite another.

All this would mean that her child would have a worse time, not a better one. In addition, she would have the uneasy feeling that she had deserted her parents when they needed her most.

My advice, therefore, for her sake, for the sake of her child, and in consideration for her father and mother, is that she should remain at home, for the time being at all events. On the other hand, she might use any spare time she has in equipping herself for some career.

My next correspondent is a young man of twenty-four, the youngest of three children. This is what he says:

"My father died a year before the war, when I was three, my brother five, and my sister seven. During the war m mother's life must have been terrible. Sh obtained work which brought in twenty five shillings a week and with marvellou pluck and sacrifice kept us decentl clothed and fed. Since then she has ha a continual struggle, and ill-luck seems t have followed her all along the line. am afraid I have been anything but a hel to her myself. On the contrary, I mus have been a big burden to her and source of constant worry."

* * *

This young man goes on to say that a the age of seventeen he discovered tha he was about to be made a fathe Luckily, he was deeply in love with th girl, and the families on both side helped them to make a start in marrie life. That generous attitude certainl justified itself. He is now happily settle still in love with his wife, and has tw bonny children to care for.

"All this time," he continues, "m mother has had to live as sparingly a ever and has been denied all the enjoyments of life. Now my brother, who twenty-six, is anxious to marry and, anybody deserves happiness, he does, fo he has been a good lad at home. Mothe is determined to keep her own home goin and I don't see how she can manage i Anything I can spare out of my wage should really go to my wife, for she, to has had nothing over for luxuries and is wonderful how she has managed up t now. What do you think I should do?"

Now this young man may have mad mistakes, but there is something ver likeable about him. He acknowledge them quite frankly and he is obviousl sincere in his desire to do the best h can both for his wife and his mothe But it is all very difficult. Money, unfortunately, will only go so far And i this case there are three claimants: th wife should have more for housekeepin purposes, the brother wants to be free t marry, and the mother desires to kee on her home.

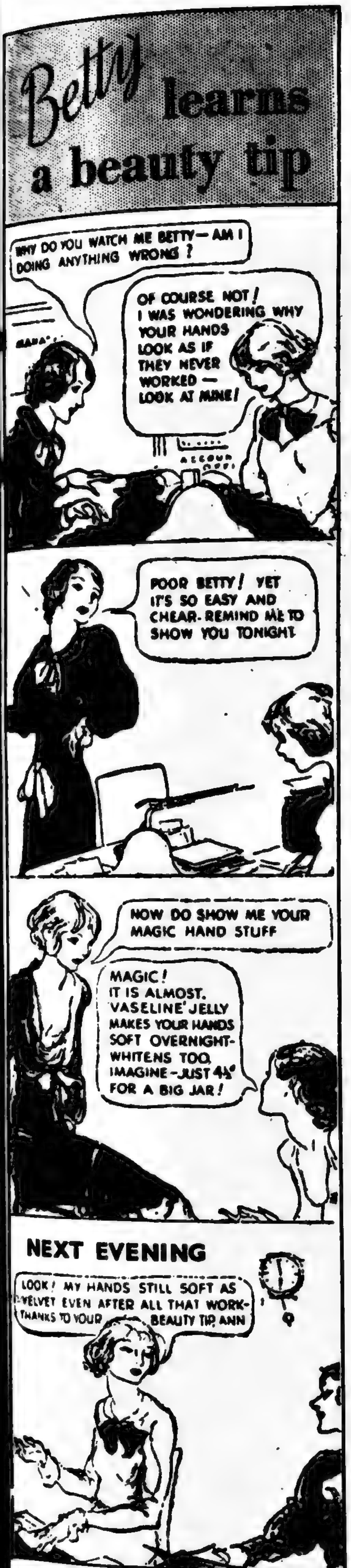
* * *

Ordinarily I am a firm supporter o the principle that a man's own wife an family should come first. Here, however, are other considerations.

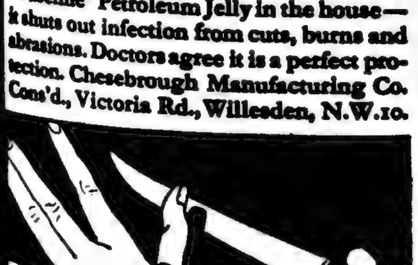
The brother, for instance, is no twenty-six and is therefore of an age entitling him to get married. "He ha been a good lad," says my corresponde "and deserves any happiness that ca come to him."

The wife, too, seems to have playe her part and proved herself a worth mate, whilst the mother, also, is e titled to every possible consideratio She has been all that a mother shoul be and through all those years ha struggled desperately hard to keep he family decent and respectable.

What I feel is that these two boys o hers, although married, should no neglect her. Every possible sacrific should be made, every pleasure they ca do without should be gladly given u and the proceeds used to make th mother's life brighter. She deserves it al


Betty learns a beauty tip
WHY DO YOU WATCH ME BETTY—AM I DOING ANYTHING WRONG?
OF COURSE NOT! I WAS WONDERING WHY YOUR HANDS LOOK AS IF THEY NEVER WORKED— LOOK AT MINE!
POOR BETTY! YET IT'S SO EASY AND CHEAP. REMIND ME TO SHOW YOU TONIGHT
NOW DO SHOW ME YOUR MAGIC HAND STUFF
MAGIC! IT IS ALMOST. 'VASELINE' JELLY MAKES YOUR HANDS SOFT OVERNIGHT— WHITENS TOO. IMAGINE—JUST 4½d FOR A BIG JAR!
NEXT EVENING
LOOK! MY HANDS STILL SOFT AS VELVET EVEN AFTER ALL THAT WORK— THANKS TO YOUR BEAUTY TIP, ANN

Another reason why you should keep "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly in the house—it shuts out infection from cuts, burns and abrasions. Doctors agree it is a perfect protection. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, N.W.10.



Trade **Vaseline** Mark
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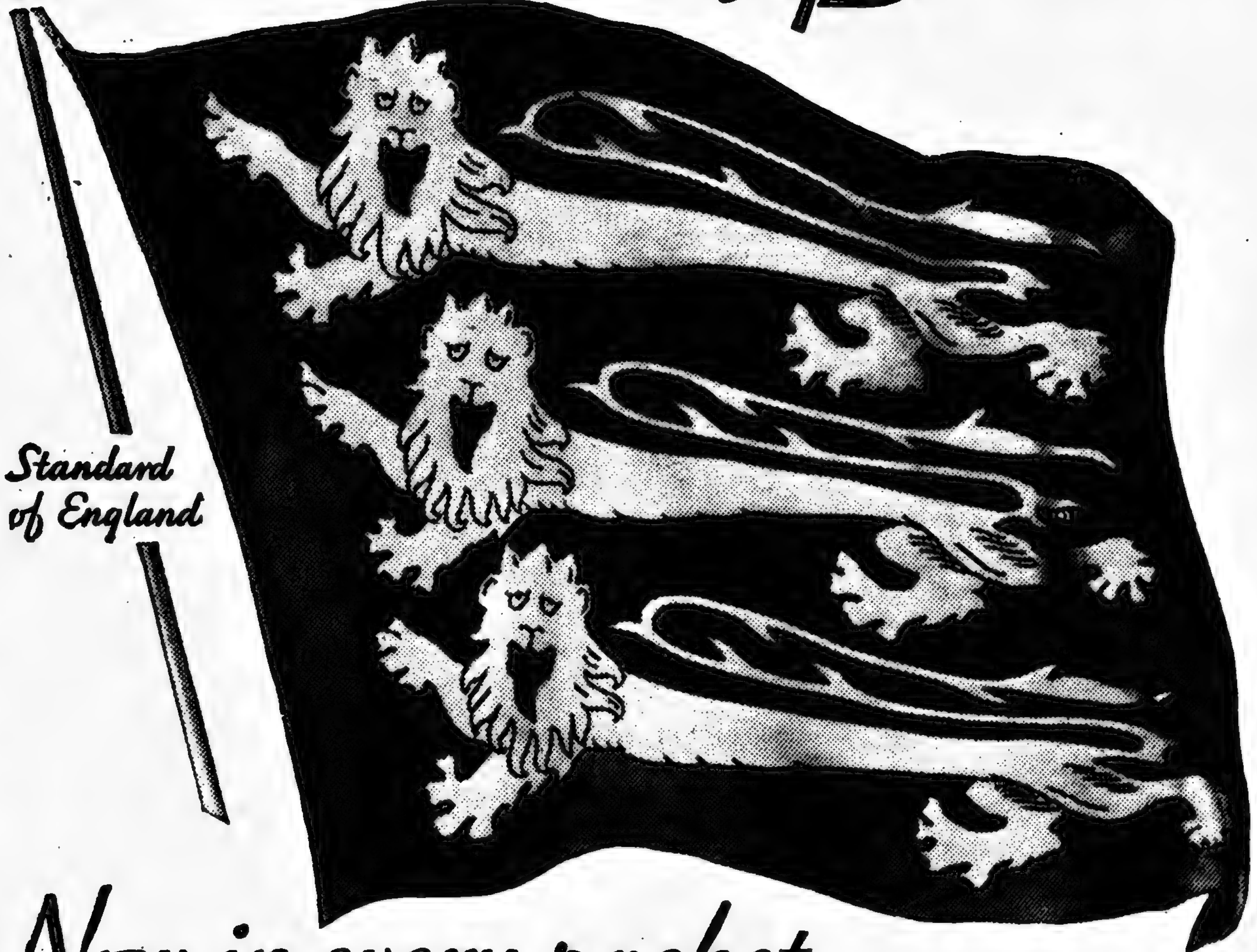
HISTORIC FLAGS *of Britain*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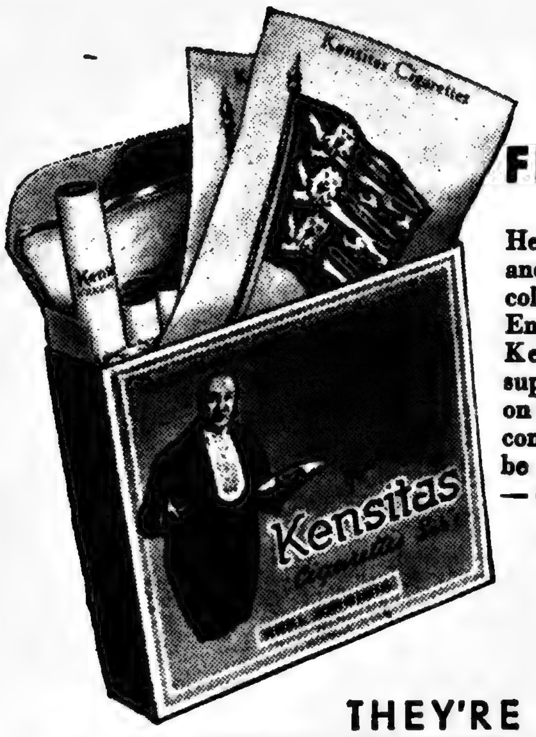
Now in every packet
of Kensitas . . .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Here is a delightfully interesting and instructive new hobby . . . collect the flags of the British Empire now in every packet of Kensitas cigarettes. They are superbly reproduced in full colour on silk and the whole series consists of 48 flags. They may be put to many decorative uses — cushion covers, table centres, tea cosies, etc. You will enjoy Kensitas because of their better taste. For only the very choicest Virginia tobaccos are used — and only the centre leaves of each plant. And the Kensitas Private Process removes certain impurities present in all tobaccos. Kensitas always satisfy . . . always taste better!

Kensitas

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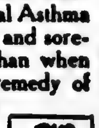

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37D, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.

TEN PRECIOUS MINUTES . . .

"—is all my dog gets in the way of exercise, but he's fit," writes Mr. Faulkner

" . . . . I should like you to know that Bob Martin's Condition Powders have made a world of difference to my dog, since I followed your advice to condition him regularly. He gets no more exercise now than he used to do. Just ten precious minutes of freedom now and again. But Bob Martin's Condition Powders keep him as fit and healthy as any dog could be. His appetite now is always good, and his moods, when his temper was uncertain, have gone." —Mr. FAULKNER.

Don't let **your** dog become a victim of **winter sluggishness,** due to loss of exercise and the rich, fatty food you are tempted to give in cold weather. Provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which **keep** dogs fit by keeping the blood pure. The correct way to condition your dog is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day on **two successive days** in every week. Begin **now** to give your dog perfect health.

1/- boxes of 21 powders : 6d. packets of 9—everywhere. LWB

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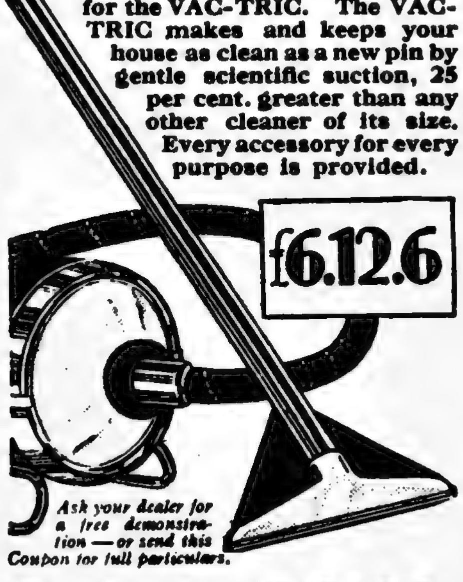
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS
Keep dogs fit—ALWAYS

Of course—

if there is no objection to ruining your carpets and replenishing " torn-out " furnishings at frequent intervals, almost any vacuum cleaner will do. But, if you value the long life of such things, plus absolute cleanliness, yours is, unquestionably, a job for the VAC-TRIC. The VAC-TRIC makes and keeps your house as clean as a new pin by gentle scientific suction, 25 per cent. greater than any other cleaner of its size. Every accessory for every purpose is provided.



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Ask your dealer for a free demonstration —or send this Coupon for full particulars.

VAC-TRIC
NEW POPULAR
VACUUM CLEANER

Messrs. Vac-Tric, Ltd.,
Waterloo Rd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

Please send me particulars of the Vac-Tric "Popular" Model.

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LAND of DIRTY LINEN

"The shot that killed Alexandre Stavisky endangered the life of the French Republic"

"MONEY has no smell," said a French politician recently with the cynical realism for which his race is famed.

And the fact that this view prevails so extensively in French public life is the reason there has been bloodshed in the Paris boulevards.

When Alexandre Sacha Stavisky, the ex-convict who became a king of French finance, died from a bullet wound in a lonely Alpine villa to which he had been tracked by detectives after the crash of his swindling companies, few people outside France imagined that the shot that killed him would also endanger the life of the Republic.

But Stavisky's ruin implicated the Government and the civil administration of France.

The disclosures which have followed on the breakdown of his £7,000,000 pawnbroking ventures showed again that a good many of France's greatest named are not averse from fishing in the pools of muddy finance.

Worse still from the point of view of the French public is that their police have been drawn into the scandal. The French have always trusted their police, if never their politicians, who more than once have earned for France the unenviable title of the Land of Dirty Linen.

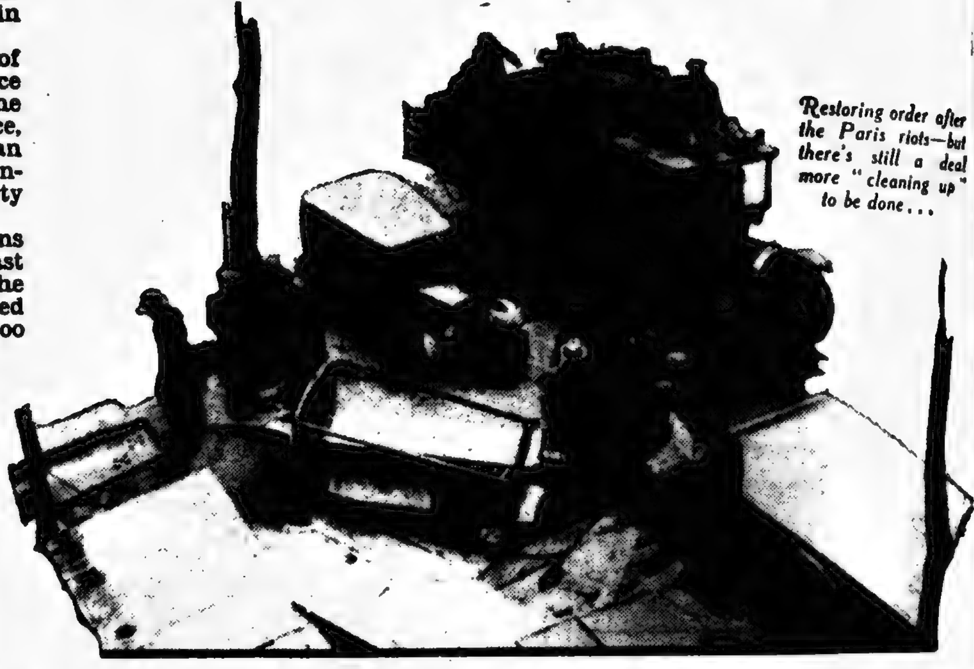
The thousands of infuriated citizens who stormed the French Chamber last week, who braved the bullets and the sabres of the mobile guards, believed that Stavisky died because he knew too much.

They wanted to know how much; and in their eagerness to find out made havoc of Paris and their Government.

A heavy price to pay for a tradition which is summed up in the cheap cynicism of that phrase—"Money has no smell" . . .

But the Stavisky affair was merely the culmination of a series of similar financial scandals which have implicated French politicians in recent years and which might easily have caused blood to flow in the streets of Paris.

One of the most notorious was the Madame Hanau scandal of 1928.



Restoring order after the Paris riots—but there's still a deal more "cleaning up" to be done . . .

Marble palace

This woman, called the "Queen of bucket-shop keepers," ran a share-pushing journal, the *Gazette du France*, and in its columns she ruthlessly exploited the advantages to small investors of her investment company which offered fantastic rates of interest.

Her company had forty branches throughout France and her head offices were housed in a marble palace in the heart of Paris. Before the crash came she obtained, it is estimated, over £3,000,000 from small investors.

Her share-pushing journal was "window-dressed" with the names of Ministers like Poincaré and Painleve, who wrote for it. In fact, during her trial it was disclosed that not only principal Ministers and Ambassadors of France had written for her paper, but several Ministers were also directors of her companies.

The respectability they gave her journal helped her no doubt to despoil thousands of small investors. After her arrest, ten of these poor people who had lost their life savings committed suicide.

Madame Hanau was one of the coolest swindlers who ever lived. Throughout her trial, which dragged on for three years, she bluffed all the experts for the prosecution. Eventually she received a sentence of two years and was immediately released, as this term had been taken up in her various spells of imprisonment between periods of bail.

Stolen document

Immediately she was released she started another financial paper entitled *Forces*. A few months ago she gave further proof of the connection possible in France between politicians and financial crooks.

She was rearrested for being in possession of a secret document which M. Flandin, Finance Minister, declared had been stolen from his desk at the Ministry. It contained important financial details which were behind M. Tardieu's plan with regard to the Danube Customs Union. Information with which a financial group could make a large fortune on the exchanges.

Another big financial scandal in France was the crash three years ago of the Oustric banking and industrial concerns. It was as big as our Hatry crash, over £9,000,000 being lost in only three companies.

Here, again, politicians and State officials were involved, together with the head of the Judiciary Police at the Sureté, France's Scotland Yard. The Judiciary Police are the very department who are in charge of financial frauds of every description.

The police chief was acquitted, but several of the others on trial, including an ex-ambassador to Britain and a General Secretary to the French Ministry of Finance, were fined or imprisoned.

There was also the recent scandal in the French Aviation Service arising out of the affairs of the Aero-postale Company.

Too secret service?

A director of this company alleged corruption on the part of officials at the French Air Ministry to oust his company's service to South America in favour of the German Luft-Hansa. The documents in support of his charges were subsequently shown to be forged and a few weeks ago this director was sentenced on a charge of conspiracy.

But not before some embarrassing disclosures had been made involving high Ministerial figures and the famous "Second Bureau"—France's Secret Service.

These disclosures were made the most of by the French Socialist Party, and in a debate which followed the conviction of the Aero-postale's director, M. Painleve, Minister for Air, was heckled so fiercely by the Socialists that he fainted in the Chamber of Deputies which had to be adjourned.

France is a country of laundries; but quite a lot of exceedingly dirty linen remains to be washed in public over such scandals as these before any future government can remain in peace.

FEES *from* FORTUNE-HUNTERS

A PRINTED postcard is being sent out unsolicited by the editor of a publication entitled the *Topographical Quarterly*, published by Fudge and Co., Ltd., of 94, York Road, London.

It draws attention to the index to advertisements for next-of-kin, missing heirs and relatives in the journal mentioned, obtainable post free for 5s. 6d.

The *Topographical Quarterly* does not confine itself to world-wide advertisements for missing relatives and heirs to the estates in chancery.

It deals with both British and American local histories, antiquities, folk-lore and family traditions, the yearly subscription being 17s. 6d.

Under the impression that he might be entitled to some long-lost estate, a South London reader thus approached, despatched a postal-order for the Winter edition of the *Topographical Quarterly*, and, sure enough, found his surname indexed with a reference number running into four figures.

Otherwise, the *Topographical Quarterly* is for the most part filled with notes taken from parish registers relative to marriages which took place in London, Suffolk, Hertfordshire and elsewhere during the seventeenth century.

Here and there, a page or half-page is devoted to advertising the publications of the Mitre Press.

In return for his further half-a-crown our South London reader received a typed copy of an announcement which appeared in a Birmingham newspaper calling for news of a person bearing his surname, born seventy-five years ago!

The meagre and useless information thus accorded him has cost him 7s. 6d., and he is none the wiser. Fudge and Co., Ltd., of 94, York Road, London, S.E.1, alone have profited.

William Kingston Fudge, who is behind this extraordinary venture was originally trading as the Mitre Literary Agency, of Mitre Street, E.C.3, a concern that has more than once been criticised in these columns.

SUN-STARVED!

"How slow I was— not to see why my boy was ill every winter"

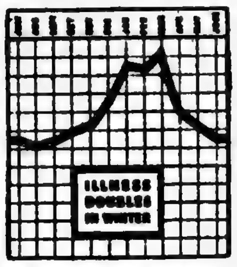
"Jim walks ¾ of a mile to school, and he's only 5. I used to be so worried in winter, watching him start off with the east wind in his little face. In summer he'd be fit as a fiddle, but in winter he kept catching things," writes *Mrs. Hogan, 1, Hampton House, Hampton Steet, Walworth.* "Last winter whooping-cough pulled him down terribly. As a baby I'd given him Scott's Emulsion, but I'm afraid I left off, thinking he didn't need it any more. Anyway I started with it again, and this winter he's never ill even in the bitterest weather. They say Scott's takes the place of sunshine—how slow I was not to see what Jim was wanting all along!"

DOCTORS KNOW SCOTT'S SECRET

For 60 years doctors have advised Scott's to prevent winter illness. They state that each tablespoonful has the health value of 2 hours summer sunshine. Builds bone and flesh. Keep your child *safe* on Scott's.

"NO COUGHS FOR FIVE YEARS"

says *Mrs. YOUNG, 125 Leander Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.* "My girl Peggy was brought up on Scott's Emulsion till she was six years old. Now I give her Scott's whenever she looks pale or loses appetite. She is 14, and hasn't had a cough for 5 years, and only a few little colds."



TWICE AS MANY CHILDREN ILL IN WINTER

See how illness is twice as bad among children in January, February and March. Start with Scott's NOW.

Scott's Emulsion

Does what the Sun does

A DANGER SIGNAL

To Girls in their Teens.

When a girl in her teens grows listless nd languid, loses her appetite for whole- ome food, but has a craving for starchy r chalky articles, then all is not well with er. If, in addition, she is pale, nervous nd irritable, and shuns company, it shows hat her blood is unable to meet the emands made upon her—in other words, he has become anæmic.

During her teens a girl lays the founda- ion of her future health. Lack of blood t this time may rob her of robust woman- ood. Dr. Williams pink pills are a won- erful remedy for the form of anæmia hat affects growing girls, and treatment ith these pills will not only correct the rouble, but prevent it from progressing nto a worse form.

Begin Dr. Williams pink pills now, and otice how quickly the colour will return o your cheeks, your headaches and ackaches disappear, and your palpitation anish.

The world-famous Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills n now be obtained at 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s. 6d.). rom all chemists, or same price, post free, direct om The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, 38, Fitzroy quare, London, W.1.

FREE. No girl should miss reading the booklet Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write C. F. Dept., 38, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Our Mellowdrama.

The Heroine's Ma in the old homestead,
With a tickling throat lies awake in bed,
But she found relief—for a wise owl said

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

2½D. Per ounce

In Flat tins 3d. & 6d.

ZUBES EASE YOUR CHEST & LET YOU REST

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
CHEWIN
SUG
WRIGLEY'S
P.K.
CHEWING GUM
SUGAR COATED
PEPPERMINT FLAVOUR

Chew and be healthy

A Doctor's advice to those who suffer from colds, sore throat, etc.

HOW many who suffer from colds, sore throat, catarrhal deafness, earache, etc., realise the benefit they can obtain from the simple, natural act of chewing. Chewing brings into action 60 muscles which act as a pump, circulating the blood through the tissues of the head and throat . . . keeping them free from congestion . . . keeping them healthy.

Regular use of Wrigleys not only gives that necessary exercise to muscles which so many everyday foods do not—it does more—it keeps the mouth fresh and healthy, the breath sweet, the teeth clean and sparkling. It aids digestion, too, after every meal.

Spearmint also obtainable in 3d. packets of six sticks

BRITISH MADE

1d PER PACKET

WRIGLEY'S

EN 24

YOUR COAL SUPPLIER has GOOD NEWS FOR YOU

COAL FOR COMFORT HEALTH AND ECONOMY

Ask your coal supplier to send you a free copy of the attractively coloured folder, illustrated here and called "How to use Coal wisely in your Home." It will save money on your fuel bills and show you how to gain in Health, Wealth and Comfort by burning coal the modern way. Post the coupon below to-day.

GET THE BEST FROM BRITISH

COAL

SEND THIS BY ½d. POST TO YOUR COAL SUPPLIER

Please send a copy of *"How to use Coal wisely in your Home"*
NAME & ADDRESS:

Send by ½d. post to your regular *Coal Supplier* or to *John Bull,* Room C. 57, Long Acre, W.C.2. J.B.3

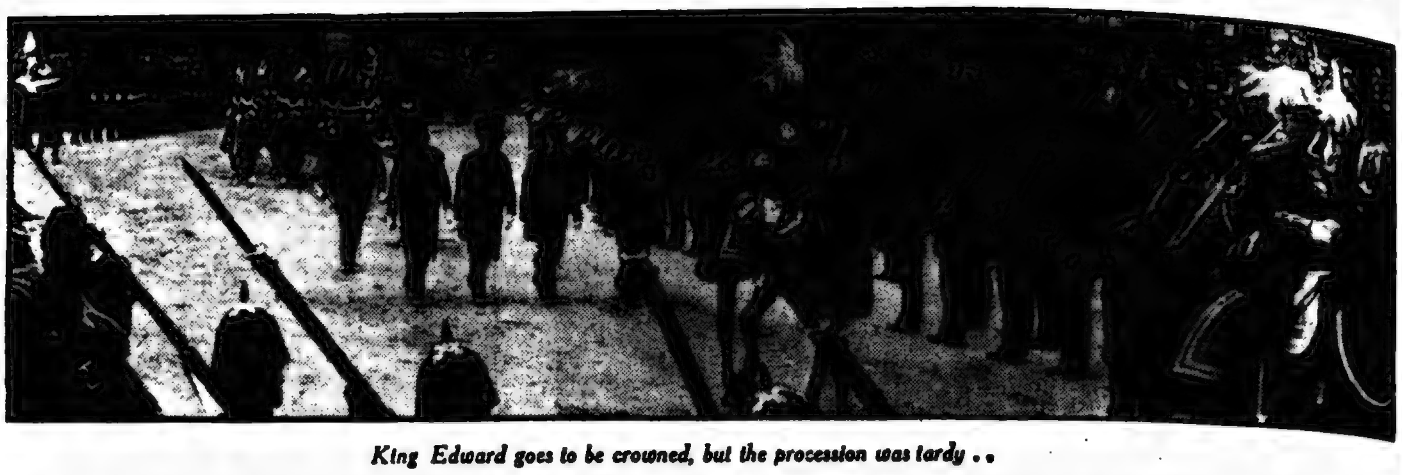
The best
BATTERY
for your
wireless
is used by
9
out of
10
British ships

Exide

And it is fitted by most
famous set makers

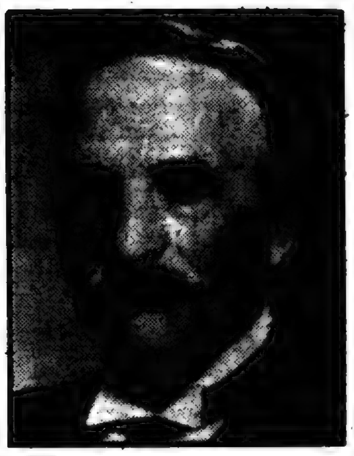
For high tension ask for
Drydex Dry Batteries

From Exide Service Stations and reputable dealers



King Edward goes to be crowned, but the procession was tardy . .

When EDWARD VII was MISSING!



by Sir Walter Alcock

Organist of Salisbury Cathedral, who describes in this interview a

"DOUBLE GREATEST HOUR"

THE "greatest hour" of my life was really two. So very much alike in one respect, so different in another. The first was when I played the organ at the coronation of King Edward VII; the second when I played it at the coronation of King George V. No other organist, I believe, has ever had that dual honour.

The morning of August 9, 1902, found us in the Abbey all waiting for King Edward to arrive.

Tier upon tier of seats, specially constructed for the great occasion, rose high up against the walls. Every inch of the ancient building was packed with a dazzling throng. Many of those present had been in their seats since 8 o'clock that morning I myself had been at the organ since 8.30.

From my seat I looked down on the coronation 'theatre" under the crossing, but I had to look up to my chief, the late Sir Frederick Bridge, who was conducting the choir of 400 voices and a full orchestra from a dais above me.

If the Office of Works had had their way I should not have been able to see anything. They had hung a beautiful curtain right across the front of the organ so as to hide us from the assembly. We were only musicians and beneath contempt. Actually we were above contempt, but no matter

Naturally, I protested. "If I'm going to play the organ during the ceremony," I said, "I must be able to see what's going on." Finally, with great reluctance, they slit it up the centre and draped it back.

"Keep on playing"

From 8.30 onwards I had been playing most of the time for various parts of the programme. The King was expected to arrive about 11 o'clock, and upon his entry I was to play, and the choir were to sing, the special anthem "I was glad," composed by the late Sir Hubert Parry for the occasion. As it was being sung the Westminster scholars were to chant their "vivats"—really "Long Live the King" in Latin.

Presently word was passed to Sir Frederick Bridge that the King was coming.

Sir Frederick started up the orchestra and the anthem was sung to its conclusion. The Westminster scholars in their enthusiasm fairly shouted their "vivats." . .

But, alas! the King was not there.

Consternation for us! The music was an important part of the proceedings, and here we were making a mistake right at the start.

I looked at Sir Frederick. He looked at me. "Something's gone wrong," he said. "You'll have to keep on playing. Extemporise for a bit. Do anything. Only don't stop playing."

As a matter of fact, I went on extemporising quite unconcernedly, and thoroughly enjoyed being able to please myself on this great occasion.

For a critical twenty minutes I felt that the whole success of this royal function depended on me. If I had got flurried or lost my nerve it would have been disastrous. As it was, I felt proud I was able to fill the breach till the King did arrive and we gave the anthem all over again. As I played during the eventful twenty minutes I thought: "This is the great moment of my life. Nothing else can ever come up to it."

When it came to the coronation of King George in June, 1911, for me, personally, the task was a much heavier one—though, happily, on this occasion there was no hitch in the programme.

I remember, though, that for some time before the coronation I had not been well, and had forced myself to keep going somehow until the coronation was over. Immediately afterwards I had a very severe illness, from which I nearly died.

The doctor on the coronation morning gave me a draught, with instructions that I was to drink it halfway through the ceremony, so that I would not collapse under the strain.

This coronation also brought me a very proud moment.

When he asked me to play, Sir Frederick Bridge had said to me: "Now you must compose something for the occasion. Either the 'Sanctus' or some piece for before the service. Which would you prefer?"

"Oh! the 'Sanctus,'" I replied.

So I composed the "Sanctus" which was performed during the Communion Service.

This time, as I have said, we had no mishap. We were wiser and more up to date. Sir Frederick had had telephones installed, and all the way along the route from Buckingham Palace he was constantly kept informed of the position of the royal party. So we did know with absolute certainty the moment King George would reach the Abbey.

Allegro for the Queen

When it came to Queen Mary's turn to be crowned, Sir Frederick called down to me, "I think we might have a little music as the Queen is being crowned. Could you improvise? Something swelling up to a climax as the crown is placed on her head."

So I began to play something gentle and sweet—something, as I thought, suitable as an accompaniment for the crowning of a queen. But evidently it was not sprightly enough for Sir Frederick. In a minute or two he called down to me, "Play up. It's not a funeral, you know." I played up.

Yes, of all the memorable occasions in my life none has ever stirred me so deeply as those two coronations. I cannot honestly say I got a bigger thrill out of one more than the other. They have both meant just as much to me.

Race with "Silver Ring"

SPOTTING WINNERS

I WONDER how many of my followers take the trouble to read the reports from training centres which appear daily in the *Sporting Life*.

When Jack Frost is riding the high horse and there is little doing in consequence, they may make dull reading, but once conditions underfoot are suitable for gallops a keen student of gallops can quickly spot fit horses.

The training reports are responsible for my favouring anything that George Beeby saddles.

The Melton Mowbray trainer does not let the grass grow under his feet, and when other teams are cantering, or having healthy exercise, you will find his horses—Delaneige, the National favourite, Ready Cash, a good second string, Copper Court, an Irish Grand National winner, Montclair, St. Tewdric, Cantillius II., Anton and others of the stable having long-distance gallops.

Exactly half of the sixteen acceptors for the Grand International Handicap Steeplechase at Sandown Park this week-end are in the Grand National, and as the batch includes three of my fancies, Delaneige, Alpine Hut and Richborough, plus Golden Miller and Buck Willow, the race should be very instructive.

At the weights I expect Delaneige and Richborough to fight out the issue. Beeby's jumper may just score.

Note Adriatic for the Diamond Jubilee Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

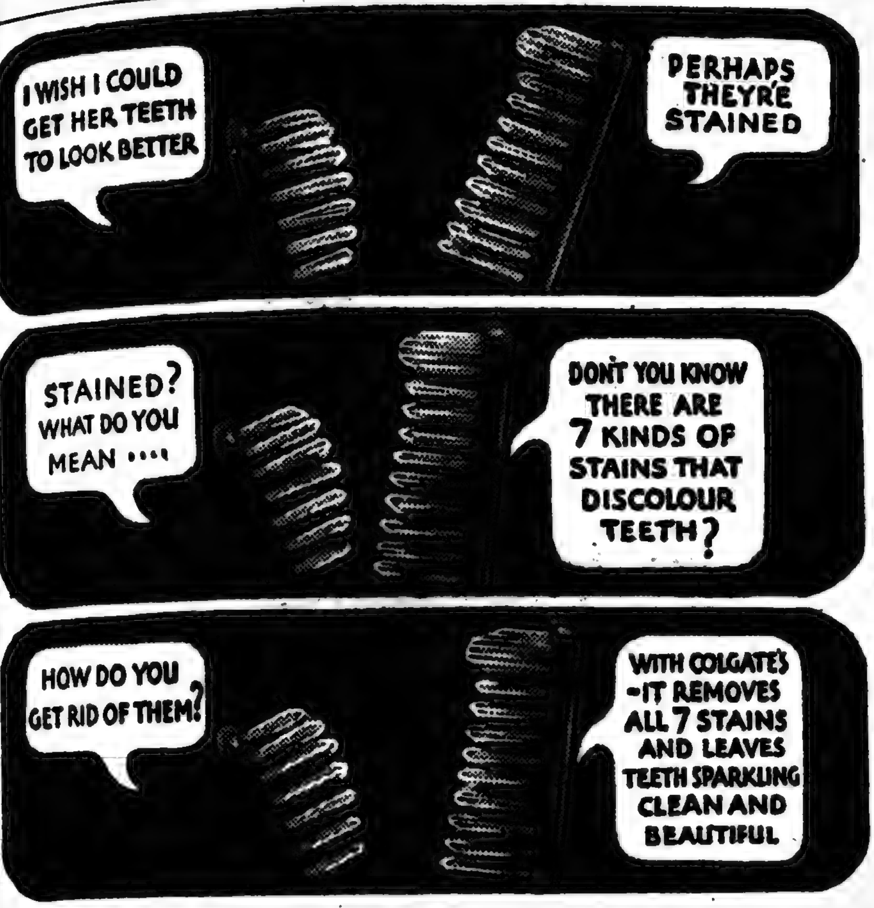
The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 15, to Wednesday, February 21.

Z R 98 T F 94 M P U X O A Q C 93 B

L W N 96 G E D V Y 97 S K H J I 95

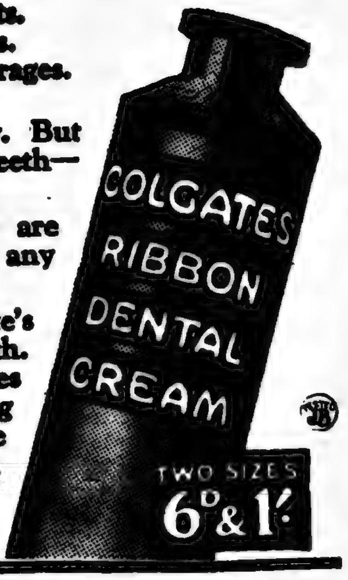
In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: FWKAZ94 would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O93W96WS2VO would read SIR TROOPS.


I WISH I COULD GET HER TEETH TO LOOK BETTER
PERHAPS THEY'RE STAINED
STAINED? WHAT DO YOU MEAN ....
DON'T YOU KNOW THERE ARE 7 KINDS OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH?
HOW DO YOU GET RID OF THEM?
WITH COLGATE'S—IT REMOVES ALL 7 STAINS AND LEAVES TEETH SPARKLING CLEAN AND BEAUTIFUL

Here are the 7 causes of stains *that discolour teeth*

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.


COLGATES
RIBBON
DENTAL
CREAM
TWO SIZES
6D & 1/-

You can't see all these stains right away. But gradually they hide the lustre of your teeth—discolour them, make them dull.

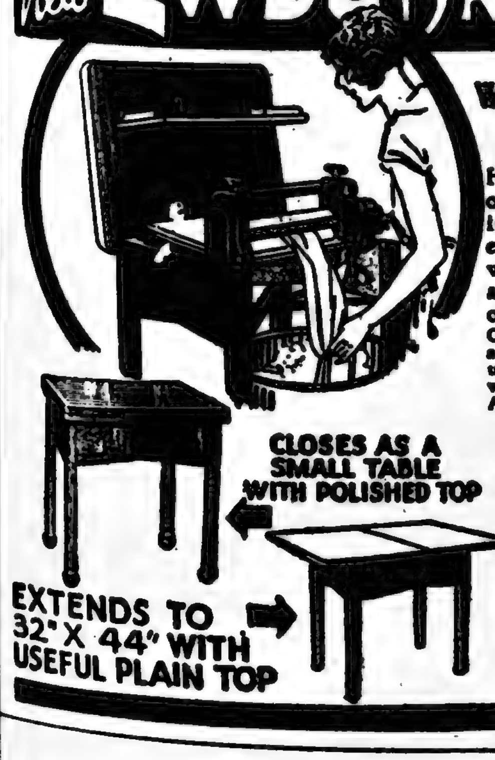
And all these stains—because they are chemically different—will not yield to any *one* cleansing action.

But the TWO cleansing actions of Colgate's get every last one of them off your teeth. An *emulsive* action dissolves and washes away some of the stains. A fine *polishing* agent—such as dentists use—removes the others. Together, they clean your teeth beautifully, down to the bright, sparkling enamel.

MADE IN ENGLAND

The new Ewbank OAK TABLE RUBBER WRINGER

with EXTENDING Table Top


CLOSES AS A SMALL TABLE WITH POLISHED TOP
EXTENDS TO 32" X 44" WITH USEFUL PLAIN TOP

Here is a wringer, a 32" x 22" polished oak table and 32" x 44" kitchen table in one. It will do all the weekly wash, even heavy articles with ease. Closed, with the wringer out of sight it is an attractive small table of dark polished oak admirable for hall or living-room. Open and extend the double top and you have a good size kitchen or ironing table with unpolished top. It moves easily on silent rubber wheels. Rollers are 16" x 2½", guaranteed 5 years. All metal parts of the wringer are in genuine

PORCELAIN ENAMEL

a serviceable finish of lasting brilliance unaffected by soap or soda. See this triple purpose wringer at your dealers.

£4. 19. 0

EXTENDING TOP 16/9 extra

Write to Manufacturers:
Entwisle & Kenyon, Ltd., Dept. W. 30,
Accrington,
for illustrated Folder.

TO MEN & WOMEN OF ALL AGES—ESPECIALLY THOSE OVER FORTY

You are forty to-day!

What is the secret of youthfulness?

Youth comes from within. Youthful vivacity and charm are the outward and visible signs of inward vitality and health. That is why so many women are finding in 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets the secret of well-nigh perpetual youthfulness.

"*I feel it is my duty to let you know how wonderful 'Phyllosan' tablets have proved to me. Before I had finished a bottle, really and truly I was a young woman again. I feel bonny and well since taking 'Phyllosan' tablets.*" *Mrs.—*

'Phyllosan' tablets are prepared under the direction of Dr. E. Buergi, Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne, and are the result of prolonged research into the causes of the decline of the body's vital forces in middle-age. Their essential constituent is the basic substance of all vital energy—described by scientists as "*the most wonderful substance in our world.*"

Start this simple, harmless rejuvenation treatment to-day. Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. But if you take them regularly, the results will astonish you. Every chemist sells 'Phyllosan' tablets, price 3/- and 5/-. Get the 5/- size, it contains *double* quantity.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' TABLETS TO-DAY!

FREE! Novel Tablet-container! *We offer you a novel tablet-container in coloured bakelite, for pocket or handbag, which will take twelve tablets so that they can be shaken out two at a time. This container will be sent FREE, together with a copy of our book "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World," on receipt of coupon and 1½d. stamp for postage.*

POST THIS COUPON

To Natural Chemicals Ltd. (Dept. 47).
28 St. John's Lane, E.C.1.

I enclose 1½d. stamp for postage. Please send me one of your new pocket containers for 'Phyllosan' tablets.

Name..

Address..

....J.B. 17/2/34

Write in BLOCK LETTERS.
Send stamp in sealed envelope.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture of 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets.

FORGERS who SCARE the BANK of ENGLAND

SOMEWHERE on the Continent there is a gang of banknote forgers, who have been operating on so unparalleled a scale and whose work is so perfect that they have startled even the Bank of England.

So much so that the Bank, working through its own Secret Service and through Scotland Yard, has initiated the greatest international police drive in history.

A chief inspector of the Yard went by airplane to the Continent a few weeks ago and later, specially detailed men, each of them linguists, have remained abroad, helping hundreds of special Continental police drafted into service by the International Police Bureau at Vienna to stretch the net from end to end of Europe.

The first act in the drama was played out recently in a trial held *in camera* at The Hague in Holland.

Two men named Louis Brower and Henri de Rooy appeared before the court accused of attempting to sell 400 forged £10 Bank of England notes. The names of all the witnesses at the trial were suppressed, at the instance of the Dutch Public Prosecutor, and the evidence was heard in secret.

THIS procedure was undertaken, it was explained, so that the success of further operations still in progress would not be imperilled.

The fact that the trial was held *in camera*, an almost unprecedented occurrence in criminal trials in Holland, is a sufficient guide to the seriousness with which the authorities here and abroad are viewing the situation.

This much was disclosed, however, at the trial. The men were arrested by the Dutch police on information laid by Scotland Yard officials in Holland, and this evidence came from a young Englishman, an emissary of the Bank of England, who was the chief witness at this secret trial.

Both the men concerned were sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

With these two in prison, however, the hunt is still proceeding for other members of the gang with undiminished vigour, but all the police resources are now being concentrated on tracing the sources of the notes.

All the information which has reached them during the past few months tends to show that the headquarters and printing plant of the gang is in Germany.

Until he is run to earth there will be uneasy minds in Threadneedle Street

Why is the Bank of England so perturbed over this matter?

The reason is that these "dud" notes are the most perfect in the history of forgery.

They are reproduced by a photographic process which makes precise replicas of an English £10 or £5 note. *Worst of all, the watermarking is perfect.*

The only way by which they can be proven false is by minute differences in the paper, and this is only apparent after an elaborate scientific test, which, of course, is beyond the scope of those who would be ordinarily called upon to handle the notes.

It is understood that the forgeries were not established until the notes came to the Bank of England for cancellation, and then they were only detected through discrepancies in the serial numbers.

THE first batch of these perfect forgeries had been passed through hotels, banks and tourist agencies in places as wide apart as Warsaw, Berlin, Paris, Rome, and Stockholm. So obviously were they the work of a master hand that one of the first things the investigators did was to take a census of the present whereabouts and occupation of all professional banknote engraver employees who had left their firms.

There are only six firms in the world who specialise in and handle the bulk of the world's banknote printing. Two are in England, two in Germany, one in Holland and one in America. Their engraver employees are princes of their craft. They are few in number and each is known.

It is a clue which has arisen in this census which has now led the police trail to Germany. This clue has been reinforced lately by other dramatic developments.

The police have reason to believe that the forgery factory for which they are hunting turns out other specimens of its art besides banknotes.

A notorious white-slaver arrested recently at Marseilles possessed faked Polish, Spanish and British passports, perfect forgeries even to the various Consular stamps. These passports have been traced to German sources.

Again, some negotiable travellers' cheques on a well-known travel agency, found on another man arrested by the Italian police as a known suspected character, were found to be clever forgeries. They have also been traced to a source in the same country.

There is evidence that the gang the police are looking for has been in operation for several years, although their earlier work has not the perfection of their present forgeries.

In 1931 three men were arrested in Paris for passing forged Bank of England £5 notes. One was a Russian and the others Rumanian. They had been under police observation for some time. The Russian by a peculiar coincidence was called Louis Brower, the same name as that of the prisoner in the secret trial at The Hague. Brower received three years' imprisonment.

When the notes were traced back the trail ended in Berlin, where the men said they bought them for two dollars each.

In the same year forged stock certificates of a great American company, which figured in a banking scandal in New York and Paris, were ascribed to a German source.

FINALLY there is even an echo of the recent Stavisky drama in France. In 1925 when Stavisky was arrested for a minor charge, a large number of Bank of England notes were found among his possessions. They were forged. The Sureté official in charge of the case, M. Faralique, found his enquiries led to Berlin. There again they ended.

If anything further were needed to spur on the Bank of England and Scotland Yard in their efforts to run this Continental forgery gang to earth, it is the fact that other forged English notes besides "fivers" and "tenners" are now appearing in this country in considerable numbers.

A few weeks ago the Chief Constable of Folkestone issued an official warning concerning counterfeit 10s. notes bearing the number N.53.301778.

Here again the forgeries were so perfect that they were discovered only when the notes found their way back to the Bank of England. They had deceived the local banks. There is strong reason to believe that they had arrived in Folkestone from Continental sources.

The Bank of England, like any other "bank of issue," is, of course, compelled for the maintenance of its credit to honour a forged note as if it were a genuine one. And that is why there will be some uneasy minds in Threadneedle Street until the forgers are found.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader the prize is awarded to first opened.

BIDEFORD WEEKLY GAZETTE :—"Miss —— had been asked by several to REPEAL the whole programme."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN :—"Add gradually the FLOOR mixed with the SPIRES."

THE NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL :—"The DECEASED, who were committed for trial, pleaded not guilty to using violence."

THE EVENING NEWS OF INDIA :—"The baby had never been taught to swim and her FEET created a sensation."

THE NORTHERN TIMES :—"A sumptuous service of tea, COKE, etc., was served."

FREE PRESS EVENING BULLETIN, WINNIPEG :—"'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a CAKE.'"

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST :—"She was bound over to keep the PACE for 12 months."

CLITHEROE ADVERTISER AND TIMES :—"If when boiling tough meat or poultry, a tablespoonful or two of pure MALE vinegar is added . . ."

Irresistible!

See that Chivers' Olde English Marmalade is on the table every morning and you'll be surprised at the wonderful difference it makes to breakfast appetites. Tender, easy-to-digest peel and the fresh, natural flavour of Seville oranges have established "Olde English" as the most popular coarse-cut Marmalade. Its delightful touch of tonic bitterness is simply irresistible.

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., Cambridge, England.

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creates flexible corsets, belts and one-piece garments, with special supports and pads for hernia, movable kidney, sacro-iliac strain, post-operative conditions, fallen stomach and maternity wear. Spencer Maternity Corsets are famous for their comfort and good lines. Spencer Bandeaux, designed especially for the predetermined wearer, are style favourites here and abroad. Spencer Belts for men meet the requirements of men desiring to "slim," in addition to their uses for certain of the troubles enumerated above.

Spencer Supports are recommended by over 30,000 doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons :
LONDON : 96, Regent St., W.1 Tel. Regent 6206
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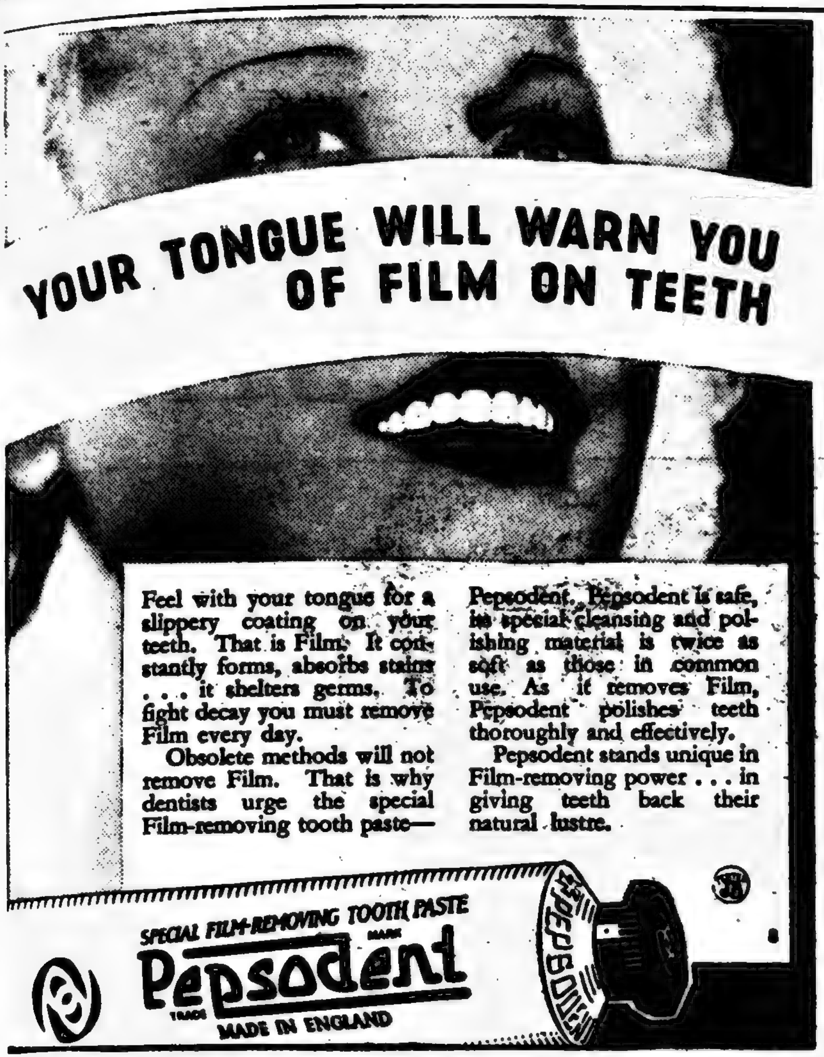
BIRMINGHAM : 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL : 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
BRISTOL : 22, Clare St., 1. Bristol 24801



YOUR TONGUE WILL WARN YOU OF FILM ON TEETH

Feel with your tongue for a slippery coating on your teeth. That is Film. It constantly forms, absorbs stains . . . it shelters germs. To fight decay you must remove Film every day.

Obsolete methods will not remove Film. That is why dentists urge the special Film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Pepsodent is safe, its special cleansing and polishing material is twice as soft as those in common use. As it removes Film, Pepsodent polishes teeth thoroughly and effectively.

Pepsodent stands unique in Film-removing power . . . in giving teeth back their natural lustre.

SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE

Pepsodent

MADE IN ENGLAND

I'M NICER WITH MUSTARD

—Colman's Mustard

PILES

CAN BE ENDED!

Proof, positive and convincing, comes in the few extracts from letters, given here, telling you that you can end the maddening pain, irritation and torture caused by pile trouble. Read these letters.

Mr. F. C., of Rotherhithe, S.E.16, writes:—"I suffered from bleeding piles for 12 months, and tried a number of remedies. The piles became so bad that an operation was considered necessary. I read of Man Zan, and decided to test it. At the end of one week the necessity for an operation was gone. Man Zan had cured me in that time."

Mrs. M. L. H., of Birkenhead, writes:—"For five or six years I suffered agony from piles, and tried all kinds of remedies. I used Man Zan for a fortnight, and was greatly benefited. I have had no return of my trouble."

Man Zan is sold in special, easy-to-use tubes, price 3/-, obtainable from chemists everywhere. This healing balm stops bleeding, allays inflammation and ends chronic irritation at once. Persevere and Man Zan will free you for good.

For free supply (sent in plain wrapper) send name and address to E. C. De Witt and Co. Ltd. (Dept. R. 35). Croydon.

MANZAN
BRAND PILE REMEDY

GRAVES 'LUXURY' BALE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 63 x 83in. Weight 7½lb per pair.

Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends. 60 x 80in. 4lb.

Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets. 70 x 90in. 4½lb pr.

One Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt 72 x 94in.

One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54in.

Two Pure White Pillow Cases. Size 20in x 30in.

One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60in.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 18-PIECE CUTLERY SERVICE, made in our own Sheffield Factory—6 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through.

The Complete Bale, including the 18-Piece Cutlery Service. Carriage Paid. Price £3

TERMS: 5/- MONTHLY

CATALOGUES POST FREE

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Never miss reading
"SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING"
See page 14

NERVOUS ANÆMIA . . .

I had to stay at home

NOW. . "I can do all my work, and feel quite strong and well all the time, after taking the first small bottle of Phosferine.

For nearly two years I suffered from Nervous Anæmia, Debility, Weakness, no appetite, and altogether run down. I could not hold up at all some days, and I had to have all my work done for me. I tried everything I could think of, but I found no benefit, until about three months ago when I started to take Phosferine, and I began to feel more myself, and it has done me such a wonderful lot of good. One could scarcely believe there could be a change of health so quickly. It seems like a new life to feel and look so well again, for my general health is so good, and blood richer. Phosferine gives one energy to fully enjoy life!"

Miss J. Griffin, Blackfordby, nr. Burton-on-Trent.

FOR HAPPY, BEAUTIFYING VITALITY—USE

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID,

1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

£1,000 Cash Won Outright.

Result of Crossword Competition No. 246.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from

R. C. Young, 48, Exeter Road, Welling, Kent,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £1,000.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 27th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following 10 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £10:

V. Brewer, Little Langdale, Ambleside, Westmorland; J. Graham, 144, Wheelwright Road, Erdington, Birmingham; H. Grainger, 2, Kingsfield Terrace, Dartford; E. J. Grant, 97, St. Thomas Road, Derby; C. Harford, 38, York Road, Shirebrook, nr. Mansfield; Miss A. Nixon, 5, Hawthorne Terrace, Leek, Staffs; W. Philpott, 24, Vines Avenue, Church End, Finchley, N.; M. M. Swann, 317, Church Road, Leyton, E.10; H. Taylor, 66, Brunswick Street, Manchester; J. Wilson, 132, Calder Vale Avenue, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the 10 competitors who share the Runners-up Prize will each receive a Season Ticket, providing 80 free 6d. entries to our Crossword.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 244.—Seventy competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £1 8s. 7d. each have been despatched.

Now turn to Page 40 for "John Bull's" Fifth Birthday Crossword Contest. A Mighty First Prize of £4,000 waiting to be won and £1,000 to be divided between runners-up. Try your skill now!

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS

FOR
COUGHS . . .
COLDS . . .
BRONCHITIS

They assist the lungs to throw off all irritating matter and to regain health and vigour.

A COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" AND OF "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO:
ALFRED FENNINGS, Cowes, I.W.

SOLD IN BOXES AT 1/3 & 3/-

The Man Hollywood Forgot—

BILL SMITH, G.P.O. FILM STAR

HOLLYWOOD and the rest of the world's film centres are being taught something about their own job that they did not know before—by our General Post Office.

This may not seem right; but it is a fact that, under the ægis of a stolid British Government Department, a new film art is being fostered, a new technique perfected.

During the last five years, two of them experimental, an organisation has been built by a tiny staff and at negligible cost, which can now claim the world's biggest official film achievement.

It is called the G.P.O. Film Library. On its list are retained films on 350 subjects, with over 1,000 prints. The distribution is among 2,000 schools and other educational centres.

The G.P.O. does not take all the credit for its film library. In 1928 the Empire Marketing Board founded a Film Unit, "to bring alive on the screen the realities of life in the British Empire." Two years ago the Post Office began actively to employ the unit as part of its publicity scheme.

Last September the Empire Marketing Board was scrapped. The Film Unit might have gone with it but for the Postmaster-General, Sir Kingsley Wood. Some astonishing films on the Post Office, the air mails, the telegraphs and the telephones had already been made.

They had fascinated some hundreds of thousands of school children and their teachers. They had humanised a State department to the rising generation. They had become indispensable to the Post Office.

Lessons they like

Backed by all the education authorities and by other departments which had used the Film Unit, Sir Kingsley decided to keep it going. He renamed it the G.P.O. Film Library. His responsibility for its maintenance is "experimentally" for a year. It will be a tragedy if it does not become permanent.

In fact, there is at least one big interest deeply concerned in its preservation. That is the electricity industry. During the building up of the new Grid system, the Central Electricity Board and the big producers decided that the young should be taught to appreciate that there can be drama and romance in a great public service.

How could they reach their school public? Only through the G.P.O. Film Library. A dozen films were made, and are providing fascinating lessons.

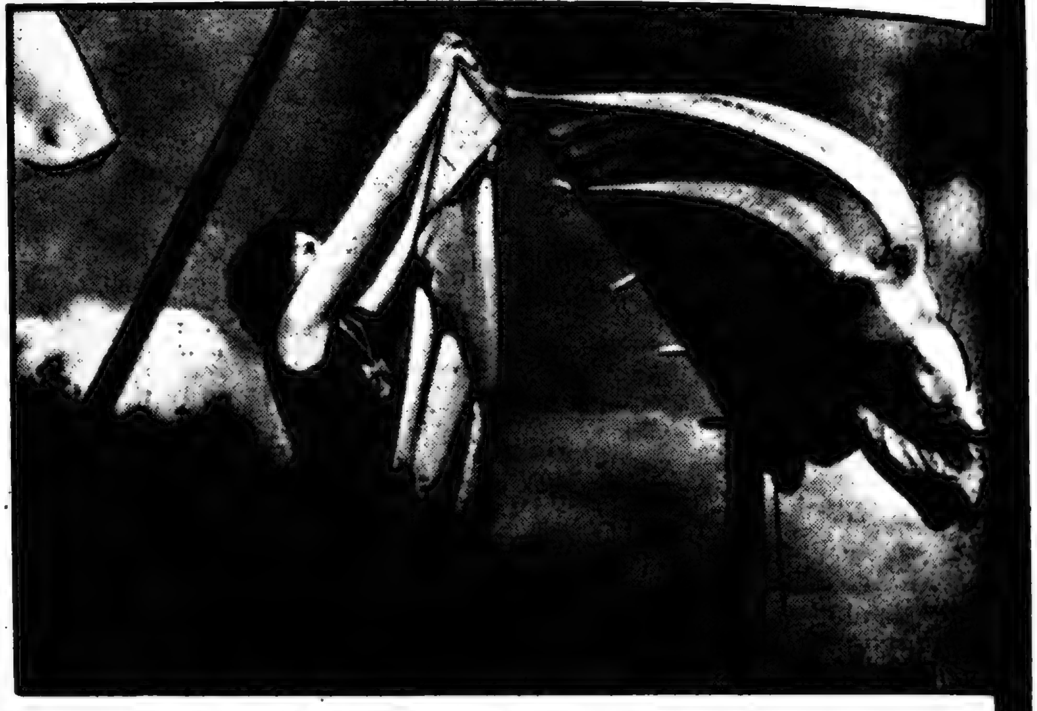
There is a big secret behind the Film Library. It might have been the dullest medium for distributing moving pictures ever conceived. It might have bored its young audiences to the point of slumber. It might have collapsed under the sheer weight of its own tedium—but for the big secret.

Genius under a bushel

The library is in the hands of a man of inspiration, one of the most remarkable minds which have adapted themselves to the art of the film. He has been known to the screen theatre public, and then forgotten. One film brought him fame.

As a Government servant he has no publicity agent, and outside the industry, where experts watch his work, his name means nothing. It is John Grierson. John Grierson? You don't remember him.

Perhaps you remember a film called "Drifters"? You do. You couldn't forget it. "Drifters" was a great drama created from the unpromising material of a North Sea trawler and its crew. Made by a man without genius, "Drifters" would have been just a yawn provoker, about as exciting as Yarmouth Pier on a Sunday afternoon in November.



—and Mrs. Bill Smith too, "The women of Chesterfield are busy" is the subtitle to this shot from the film, "The New Generation"

Made by John Grierson, Government servant, for the Empire Marketing Board, it took shape as a classic—vivid, human. In his hands a few fishermen became stars, a barrel of herrings a shining climax to a drama which never flagged.

The right angle

Grierson and his tiny staff—it consists of twenty with the office boy—have made a lot of films since "Drifters." The total is about 120 in the last three years. Some of the films are short, and can be thrown on the screen in five minutes. Others take nearly an hour. But all have been made without "props," without a single trained actor, without even a studio.

His job has been to dramatise the drab in industry, to detect the heartbeat behind the inhuman machine, to see poetry in a pick and shovel, to find the romance of creation behind the making of a telephone dial.

Take this subject, No. 84 on the Library list. It is simply "Aero Engine." Uninviting, isn't it? Sit through "Aero Engine." You will become absorbed in the multiplicity of the processes involved, inspired by the fineness of the craftsmanship, and by the nobility of the honest features of good British workmen doing a good British job.

It takes fifty-five minutes to show "Aero Engine." It seems like five. "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth" is not more colourful than the Workshop Existence of Bill the Umpteenth as seen through the eyes of John Grierson.

If you don't believe this, go and see "Industrial Britain," made for the schools, but now being shown on its own dramatic merits in the theatres, like "Drifters" and a score more of the Film Library productions, and making large sums of money. It has the Russian producers of the "Life of the People" films well beaten.

Or see "The New Generation." The material of this film is simply a day in the life of a school child under the Chesterfield educational system. A Hollywood producer could have done nothing with that. John Grierson has made it positively exciting.

Grierson's own life story is as surprising as his pictures. He has no right to have "happened" as a film producer. That was the last thing his career ought to have led to. This artist of the lowbrow, of the world of grime and toil, smoke and whirring mechanism, was himself produced from hyper-highbrow mental "props."

Eight years ago, while still in the twenties, he was, of all things in this contradictory universe, a lecturer in philosophy. From Glasgow University he went to Durham to discourse to the more serious-minded students on Kant's "Critique of Judgment," the Heraclitan "Doctrine of the Flux," and what-not.

And after that he went off to the United States on the proceeds of a travelling scholarship, not for adventure, but with the cold detachment of the Philosophic Highbrow, to analyse the mental reflexes and mob emotions of the Great American Public.

Real life heroes

How did they react on the propaganda of the Yellow Press? The lecturer in philosophy got a job on the Yellow Press to find out. From a travelling scholarship, life became a series of flying leaps from one tabloid newspaper office to another. One leap landed him in the middle of Hollywood.

None of the big noises there noticed the lecturer in philosophy. He noticed the big noises. and that there was a lot they didn't know. He noticed that they forgot Bill Smith.

He came home and secured the exclusive rights on Bill, nobody else realising that Bill had film appeal. So he made "Drifters" out of Bill Smith, herring fisher.

And most of the films he has made since have owed their success to his having discovered, and put into picture stories, the beauty and dignity that are in the daily toil and the soul of that humble fellow.

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—typical of Thousands

Surprised to find Cough Gone
"Up to the present I have had no faith in patent medicines of any kind. I must now admit I was wrong. My cough has entirely gone, much to my own surprise."—*I. H., Leytonstone.*

Bronchial catarrh overcome
"I have only been taking Famel Syrup for one week, for bronchial catarrh, and I am feeling like a new woman. *I shall never be without it* in the home."—*H. F. I., Liverpool.*

Sufferer for over 20 years
"My wife has been a sufferer from bronchitis and asthma for the past 20 years, and kept poor through paying doctor's bills, but it has been a 'Godsend' to us, your famous Famel Syrup. Although she has been given up by the Doctor several times, she is now able to get about. I cannot praise Famel Syrup enough for the good result she has received from it."—*G. W., Cheadle.*

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through impure blood not nourishing the system.

SLUGGISHNESS
from constipation preventing the proper working of organisms.

LIVERISHNESS
brought about by the liver being 'blocked up' by unexpelled poisons.

STOMACH PAINS
due to poisons stopping the proper digestion of food.

BAD SKIN
arising out of internal impurities breaking out externally.

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THE BIKE I AM BUYING ... AND WHY

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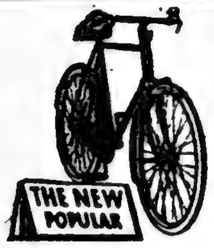

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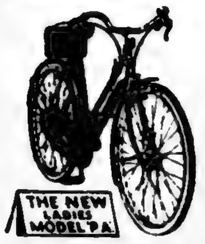
"I want speed with comfort. This gives it to me. Low-built frame. Sturmey - Archer 3-speed gear. Detachable oilbath gearcase. Spring-seat saddle. Heaviest chromium plating. Complete accessories. For **£5.15.9** OR EASY TERMS."



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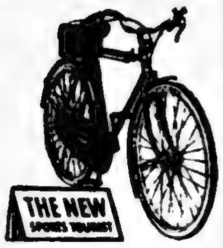
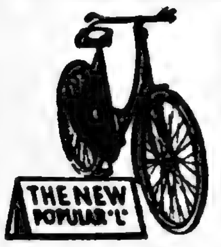


THE *New* POPULAR 'L'

"Perfect for shopping! Companion to New Popular Model, but with chain case and dress guard. Complete with reflector, bell, toolbag, spanners, oil-can, pump, clips, book on maintenance and large polishing cloth. All this for **£4.5.9** OR EASY TERMS."



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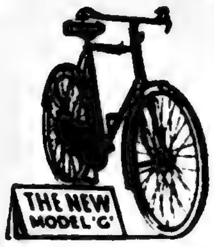

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Our Letter Parliament

BEST GOOD TURN EVER DONE ME

I HAD started in business on my own as a grocer; but bad trade and ill-health had brought me to the verge of bankruptcy, just as the business looked like turning the corner.

I pleaded with my creditors for time to pay, but only one showed any sympathy. At the meeting they held, this one spoke on my behalf, expressed his belief in me, and persuaded the others to postpone further action for six months.

This good turn enabled me to pull round, and eventually I settled all my debts in full.—*A. J., Purley.*

Explosion Missed

Crossing the main road at a blind corner, I was literally swept off my feet, remembering no more until I awoke to find myself in a hospital ward.

I was told that I had been knocked down by a "road-hog." I lay weeks helpless in that bed, often bemoaning my inherent bad luck.

But I lived to thank that "road-hog." An unusual good turn, perhaps, but the colliery where I had been employed was involved in an explosion which took terrible toll of human life.—*J. G., near Doncaster.*

Found Pleasure

A tramp did me the best turn by asking me for the money for a meal. Although I had a reputation for meanness, something prompted me to give him sixpence.

I learnt the joy of giving. I began to respect myself and realised that doing a kindness was far more pleasant than doing a mean action.

The tramp told me I had done him a good turn, but I wish he could know that he did me the finest turn of all.—*A. R., Sheffield.*

Lost Crib

Gaining a Master Mariner's "ticket" meant so much to me that, before going to the examination, I slipped a bundle of notes into my pocket, just in case my memory should fail.

At my desk some time later I felt for this crib; but it had gone! When the results came out I had passed. Then my pal confessed that he had removed the notes whilst I washed my hands.

His good turn enabled me to earn fairly the qualification I value most, and I not only retained my self-respect, but gained self-confidence as well.—*"Steamboat," Winsford.*

Forgiven . . .

One day, when a child, I went to a village store for some sweets. As the old lady serving me turned round to reach them from the shelf, my hand flashed out and I stole a large golden "humbug" from the counter.

Many times afterwards I visited the shop, and each time I did the same thing. Then one day she said, in kindly tones: "My boy, I know what you do. I forgive you."

Never again have I done that trick. Her quiet words did me the best good turn possible.—*G. A. B., Bradford.*

Insect Saviour

I was sauntering along a jungle path in India. While intently watching the birds above I felt an insect enter one eye. I stopped short, hand to eye, and gaze lowered to the path in front.

What I saw staggered me. Within a few feet lay coiled a huge black cobra, poised ready to strike. I knew the slightest movement on my part would precipitate an attack.

Suddenly, after what seemed an age, the reptile relaxed and darted into the undergrowth. That insect undoubtedly saved my life.—*H. S. B., Stoke.*

Vice Conquered

Intemperance was leading me to ruin. One evening, after my usual carousal, I boarded a train for my journey home, and a fellow passenger, noticing my condition, began to talk, particularly stressing the importance of setting a good example to our growing generation.

His words sunk deep. Within a month I had conquered my vice.

Soon afterwards, I saw in a shop window a photograph of the man I had to thank for the best good turn ever done me.

It was the late Mr. Herbert Chapman, the famous football manager.—*"Tribute," Huddersfield.*

Reformed

A war-widow, I adopted a dying neighbour's child, gave him real love, and went short myself to rear him.

At seventeen, he was earning good money, but kept it all for his pleasures, telling me I'd be compelled to keep him until he came of age.

I consulted a magistrate, who came to tea and talked straight but kindly to the lad. The boy admitted he was wrong.

To-day he's the best son ever, but I often wonder where he'd have drifted had not a gentleman done me a good turn.—*Mrs. F., Notts.*

Adopted

The nurse came into the nursery, and I, a little girl orphan, entered into the presence of my "mother to be." What a thrill to me, one who had never known what a mother was, to be kissed and asked: "Will you be my little girl?"

Now a girl of eighteen summers, I have tried, and, thank heaven, succeeded, in repaying my foster-parents for the best good turn they ever did to a little orphan, who wondered what this wonderful thing was that people called "mother-and-father love."—*"Megan," Briton Ferry.*

Sight Restored

My eyes had been open to the world exactly three days when, to the horror of my family, I lost my sight through a negligent person in charge.

Imagine the heartbreak of my parents when, after months of striving and self-sacrificing, the most precious faculty was not restored. Then, as a gift from heaven, a nurse submitted a prescription which resulted in a miraculous cure.

To-day, being old enough to realise and observe the beauty of the world I so nearly missed, many a silent prayer is offered for the person who rendered the best good turn ever done me.—*R. S.*

Rescued . . .

While hiking alone in a moorland district after heavy rains, I had the misfortune to slip into a bog in marshy ground. I sunk up to the thighs and, try as I would, I found it impossible to dislodge myself.

Having nothing to grip on to, every movement sucked me down further. Six hours later, and chilled to the bone, I was rescued by a passing farmer, who took me to his farm, where I had a rough but warm bath, a change, and a warm tea.

Never was I more thankful than for that good turn.—*C. R., Glasgow.*

* * *

I held just an ordinary job, and one day my foreman sacked me. I seized my opportunity and embarked upon another career, which is steadily taking me forward to prosperity.—*A. J., Birmingham.*

Was when my landlady handed the key of a cottage to me, after I had waited several years for a home and happiness.—*"Thankful," Blechingley.*

My kind old fairy godmother remembered me most handsomely in her will. That's the best turn ever done me!—*E. L., Guernsey.*

When my employer reminded me that *he* was the boss, and that I was just an employee, and one of many.—*"Swelled Head," Plaistow.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post *Tuesday, February 20.*

My Mother's Sacrifice for Me.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on February 17

ENGLISH CUP—ROUND 5.

(1) Arsenal v. DERBY COUNTY.
(2) HOTSPUR v. Aston Villa.
(3) Birmingham v. Leicester.
(4) WEDNESDAY v. Manchester City.
*(5) PRESTON v. Northampton.
**(6) LIVERPOOL v. Bolton.
(7) Stoke v. Chelsea.
(8) Swansea v. PORTSMOUTH.

FIRST DIVISION.

*(1) EVERTON v. Middlesbrough.
(2) W.B. ALBION v. Wolverhampton.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Lincoln v. Blackpool.
(2) MILLWALL v. Bradford City.
(3) NOTTS COUNTY v. Forest.
(4) BRADFORD v. Plymouth.
(5) Burnley v. Brentford.
**(6) BURY v. Southampton.
*(7) GRIMSBY v. West Ham.
(8) HULL CITY v Fulham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) COVENTRY v. Watford.
**(2) Q.P. RANGERS v. Newport.
(3) Torquay v. NORWICH.
(4) Aldershot v. Swindon.
(5) Brighton v. Reading.
*(6) BRISTOL R. v. Boscombe.
*(7) C. PALACE v. Cardiff.
(8) Gillingham v. Exeter.
*(9) LUTON v. Orient.
(10) Southend v. CHARLTON.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) WALSALL v. Halifax.
(2) York City v. STOCKPORT.
(3) N. Brighton v. Tranmere.
(4) Rotherham v. Crewe.
**(5) CHESTERFIELD v. Mansfield.
(6) ACCRINGTON v. Hartlepools.
*(7) CHESTER v. Carlisle.
(8) Darlington v. Southport.
(9) DONCASTER v. Barrow.
(10) GATESHEAD v. Wrexham.

SCOTTISH CUP—ROUND 3.

(1) CELTIC v. Falkirk.
**(2) MOTHERWELL v. E. Stirling.
(3) RANGERS v. Hearts.
**(4) ALBION ROVERS v. Ross County.
(5) Hibernian v. Aberdeen.
(6) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Cowdenbeath.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—English Cup 6(*H*); Div. I. 1(*H*); Div. II. 6(*H*); Southern Section 3(*A*); Northern Section 5(*H*); Scottish Cup 2(*H*) would indicate Liverpool, Everton, Bury, Norwich, Chesterfield and Motherwell.

You Too. Can Have A COMPLEXION THAT FASCINATES

New Powder Secret Gives the Fashionable "Dull Finish"

Smart French women to-day all have "dull finish" complexions. That means they have discovered how to obtain a perfect 'matt' finish skin which stays free from shine all day.

The secret is a new process patented by Tokalon by which 'Mousse of Cream' is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon cling five times as long as all other powders. No trace of shine on nose or face even after hours of dancing in a hot room, or when out in wind and rain.

'Mousse of Cream' prevents Poudre Tokalon from drying up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing the skin to become rough and dry.

If you would have a marvellous and fascinating complexion that no man can resist, get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other face powders—because 'Mousse of Cream' is the exclusive secret of Tokalon. 6d. and 1/- a box.

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Readers can test, free of charge, any 3 of the world-famous Harlene products offered on the Back Cover. Simply attach the Special Sample Coupon to your name and address and enclose stamps for postage, etc.

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I'm fit to tackle my tasks with zeal . . . —*writes Mr. C. D.*

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Bourn-vita can help YOU TOO—Yes, in all you have to do. Start drinking it to-night and note the difference. Good sleep at night, more energy by day, will soon make lighter work for you of *everything*.

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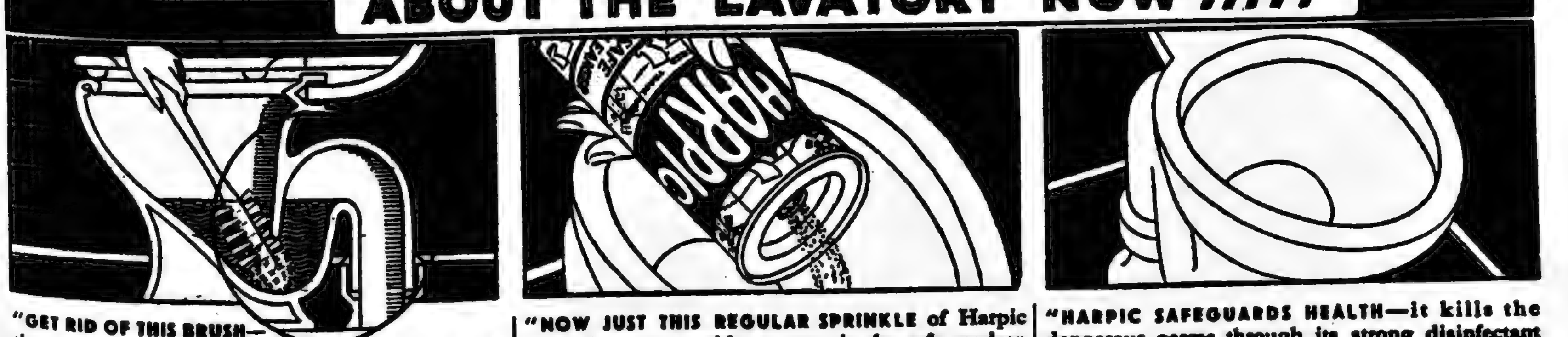

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"NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic—no dangerous acids to use—is the safe modern way to a clean, white and sanitary lavatory-pan, without any unhealthy, disagreeable scrubbing.

"HARPIC SAFEGUARDS HEALTH—it kills the dangerous germs through its strong disinfectant action, *removes the cause* of odours, and does all this easily, safely and without dangerous acids."

HARPIC CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS. 6d. 1/- & 1/9 HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD. HULL AND LONDON **HARPIC**

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£1,000 CASH FOR RUNNERS-UP

★ HURRY CLOSING NOON, THURS. FEB.22

A FEW more days and our staggering Fifth Birthday Offer of £5,000 cash will no longer be open for your entry. Unless you act quickly you will miss your opportunity of winning the Record First of £4,000 or sharing the Record Runners-up Prize of £1,000.

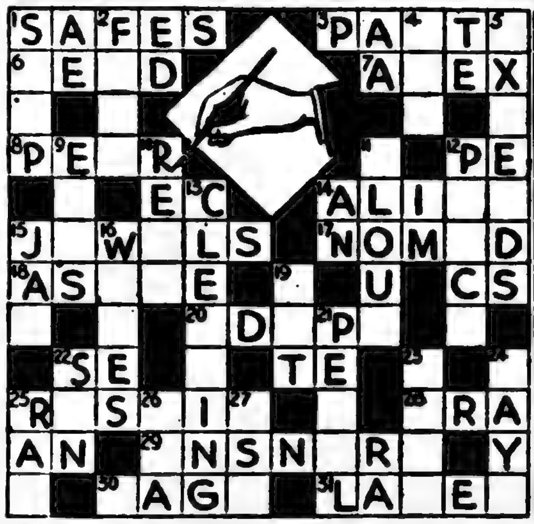
Even if you sent in an entry last week, it might well repay you to go carefully through the puzzle again. There is time to cover any point you missed with additional squares, and so a further hour of your leisure may prove worth £4,000.

Make no mistake about this. No further squares for this sensational Birthday Contest will be published, and you have now only until noon, Thursday, February 22, to get your squares to Long Acre.

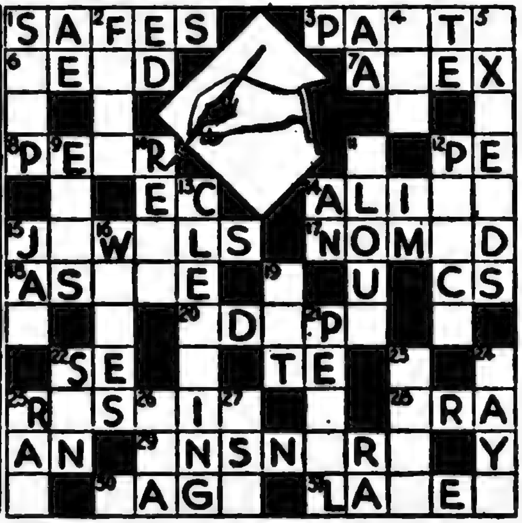
Here is the finest Crossword opportunity of all time. But you must grasp it at once if you want JOHN BULL'S thrilling telegram on Friday, March 2, to announce you the winner of the greatest prize ever known.

JOHN BULL will pay £4,000 Cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £1,000 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 8.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 248—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 22, 1934



J.B.248



J.B.248

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.........No.......
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED ....

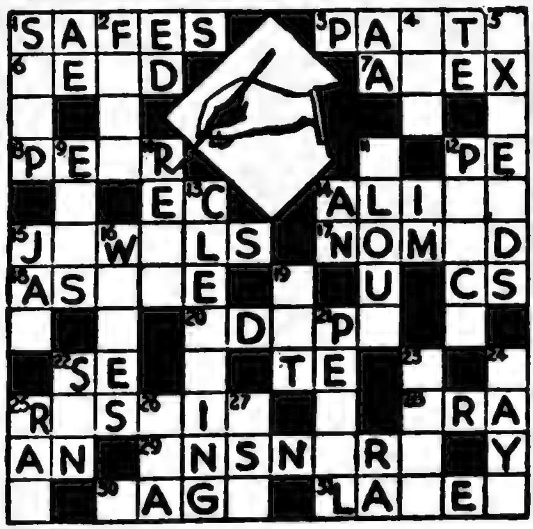
ADDRESS ....

....

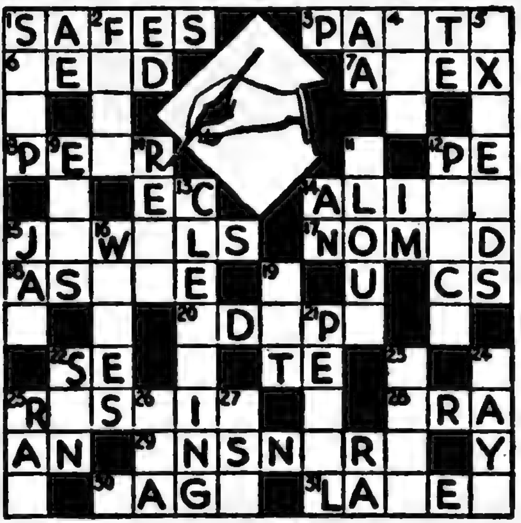
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 248—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 22, 1934



J.B.248



J.B.248

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.........No.......
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED..

ADDRESS ....

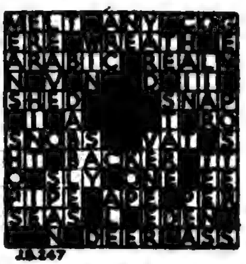
....

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE
Other squares appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send 1d. Postcard to *Crossword Gazette* Dept., 30 Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of 6d. entry forms required.

ADDRESS ENTRY
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD
No.248, 57, Long Acre, London,
W.C.2 (Comp.)

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word 247



J.B.247

Winners in 246 on page 35. Result of 247 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 247 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Money is secure in these
3. Sticky stuff
6. One of the heaviest metals
7. Tip of a triangle
8. Has seat in House of Lords
14. Foreigner
15. Precious stones
17. One of a wandering tribe
18. On one side
20. Alter to suit
25. Land of the Soviet
28. Number of years
29. Lay a trap for
30. Are safer when locked up
31. Flowers grow beside them

DOWN

1. What escaped convict gives warders
2. Booking clerk gets to know
4. Reliable one helps country
5. What go-ahead business constantly does
9. Follow little lambs everywhere
10. It grows by the river
11. Makes recipient indignant
12. The fruits of it are sweet
13. Ground needs, before sowing
15. Fruit is preserved in
16. Cleverly part men from their money
19. Is bound with strong thread
21. Is often connected with spring
22. Provides the daylight
23. Genius is, seldom
24. What snow does, in some countries
25. Its attacks are low down
26. Poor sailor dreads it
27. Stubborn animal

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name, address, and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, February 22, 1934.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winners of this contest will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, March 8. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 20, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £1,000 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

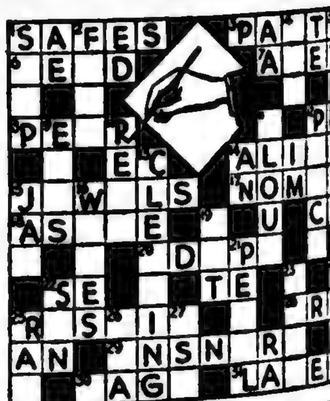
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

J.B.248

J.B.248



J.B.247

J.B.248

NO CLAIMS REQUIR

Free Help for X-Word Entr

Send Postcard for free copy of JOHN B *Crossword Gazette*. Address: *Gazette* 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register f weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" p

the EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

OSWALD (Chester). — "Who can excel the poet at word painting?." The sign-writer.

Miss L. B. (Girton).—"I deight in taking men down." Are you a horthand-typist?

Opera (Hornsey). — "Our leading oprano has mysteriously disappeared." ithout leaving a note?

Aunt (Catford).—"My nephew never nows when he is spoken to." A conenient form of deafness, we presume.

T. T. (Chesterton).—"My wife makes ome-brewed beer for our consumption." nd that accounts for your initials?

N. P. (Portsmouth).—"Do you know ny popular figures in the legal world?" es, six and eight.

Blacksmith (Ripon).—"I can forge nything on my anvil without any trouble t all." Try banknotes.

T. W. (Staines).—"Few workmen put re into their work nowadays." Boileren always do.

H. V. (Bude).—"It beats me to know hat visitors see in the sea." Other isitors bathing during the summer, we xpect.

Explorer (London, S.W.).—"Certain frican tribes heat irons and dance with hem." Presumably this is their version f red-hot rhythm.

Pipeman (Norwich).—"I would far ather have a pipe of 'baccy' than a igarette." They both end in smoke, on't they?

Driver (Leeds).—"Children coming om school rush along the roads like a ock of sheep." Animal spirits let loose, erhaps.

Cards (Westminster).—"It surprises me know how much some women lose hen playing bridge." They ought to arn how to play or how not to.

M. G. (Blackheath).—"I always feel sad hen I see a pair of gloves left behind in e train or bus." Have you never yet ound a pair to fit you?

Fred (West End).—"I am a waiter and alculate that I walk 20 miles a day and arry 4½ cwt. of food." A splendid perrmance, and all done while you wait!

R. A. (Witney).—"An ancient tablet elieved to contain witticisms has been earthed in Egypt." Requests to view om music-hall comedians will be dealt ith in strict rotation.

M. B. (Barley). — "A food-reformer friend takes a little sand with his meals." Puts grit in him?

A. H. (Doncaster).—"If you were the owner, what would you put on your horse?" The jockey.

M. F. (Clapham).—"Nothing is ever lost through politeness." What about a seat in the Underground?

Servant (Chiswick).—"I wonder how mistresses would like to get up early in the morning?" Evidently they don't like, or they would do it.

R. M. (Norwood).—"I predict that bath sprays will be the subject of a new tax in April." A bit more on to our overhead expenses!

Spiritualist (Ongar).—"I am of the opinion that earthly workers will carry on a similar occupation in the next world." This is rather disconcerting for stokers.

R. G. (Wigan).—"It takes two to make a bargain." And only one gets it.

Ex-Guardsman (Lynn).—"I am now a taxi-driver." Gone back to the ranks.

T. N. (Truro).—"My wife is a schoolteacher." And does she make you stop in?

B. P. (Oxford).—"Snake skins make the best shoes." But banana skins make the best slippers.

H. B. (Derby).—"Do you know what my small son said yesterday?" No, but they all do.

Zoologist (Regent's Park).—"The kangaroo is really rather wicked." A bit of a bounder.

D. L. T. (Bath).—"I'm always wishing for something I haven't got." What else can you wish for?

S. A. P. (Knebworth).—"The first time I played golf I dislocated my shoulder." Were you trying to describe the length of your drive?

Night-Watchman (Edmonton).—"As the thieves attacked me my wooden leg came loose, and I lost my head." You went all to pieces, in other words.

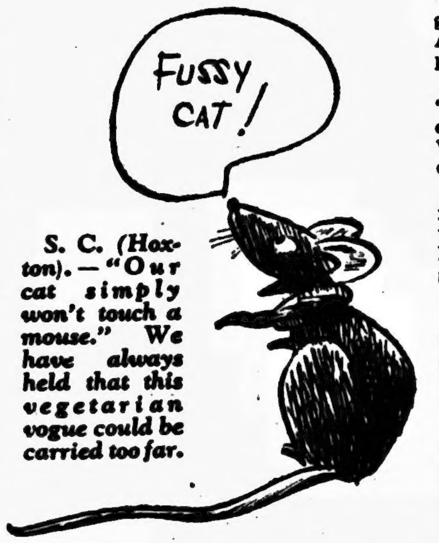
Enthusiast (Grimsby).—"My neighbour is building a very nice shed in his garden." Perhaps he isn't allowed to smoke indoors.

L. N. (York).—"Everything I write is sent out with all the hope of the Biblical dove." And returns with all the regularity of a homing pigeon?

D. B. (Cardiff).—"What do you think of my article, 'Man—Ruler of the World'?" We have passed it on to our fiction department.

E. T. (Derby).—"I always throw myself into any job I happen to be doing." It will be awkward for you if you are ever asked to dig a well.

Mrs. M. (Liscard).—"I'm forced to the conclusion that there is really nothing in my husband. What should I do?" Give him a good meal at once.



S. C. (Hoxton). — "Our cat simply won't touch a mouse." We have always held that this vegetarian vogue could be carried too far.

E. C. (Hitchin).—"You can even get teeth by instalments these days." We got ours that way as a child.

W. H. (Barnsley).—"My eyes are playing tricks with me." You want either different glasses—or fewer.

Gardener (Esher).—"I have written a small book on cabbages." Wouldn't paper have been more satisfactory?

H. K. (Burnley).—"My brother, who is a late riser, was blown through the roof by the explosion." That got him up!

Alice E. (Belper).—"My boy friend says things that nobody else would dream of saying." Asked you to marry him, eh?

Farmer (Bridgnorth).—"I have trained a cow to draw my cart to market every Saturday." How many miles does she do on a gallon of milk?

N. M. (Banbury).—"Electric razors are advertised." No doubt the manufacturer has realised that women demand the very latest thing in linoleum-cutters.

S. Y. (Bradford).—"Where does a youngster who is content to follow the crowd get to?" The Cup final.

K. M. (Tillietudlem).—"Our local policeman caught a thief red-handed the other night." It must have been very frosty.

Critical (Birmingham).—"There are too many people quite content to put up with overcrowding." Among them directors of professional football clubs.

Pug (Blackfriars).—"Pugilists have to be good at footwork." Also people who offend pugilists.

Youth (Bungay).—"I want a risky, life-or-death occupation." Why not try insurance canvassing?

'Phone Girl (Hatfield).—"I often have to miss my dinner hour." You keep plugging away all day?

Musician (Groby).—"Concert audiences aren't satisfied unless a soprano reaches the top C." A demand note.

Hubby (Weybridge).—"What will it cost me to repair my own roof?" In doctor's fees, roughly about ten guineas.

Mrs. B. (Royton).—"My youngest boy gets more like his father every day." What's the little beggar been up to now?

R. N. (Bungay).—"An eyebrow-plucker which pulls out the hairs one by one is now on the market." We once had a safety-razor like that.

L. D. S. (Ventnor).—"Everyone ought to go to his dentist once every six months to have the teeth looked at." Dentists aren't satisfied with merely looking at them, though.

C. S. (Southampton).—"A new organisation has been formed in America to aid wealthy persons to distribute their money." In London, of course, we call that a night club.

T. R. (Glasgow).—"Portable schools have been tried in Scotland and have proved a great success." Still, it must be bad for a truant's nerves to see his classroom following him about.

W. T. (Falkirk).—"It has been suggested that a football team's training should consist mostly of turning somersaults." We must say we consider this idea—well, revolutionary.

P. G. (Hampstead).—"I reckon a few words with my wife usually costs me about 10s. in the end." Win this week's £1,600 for a few words on page 43—then you can have your next 32,000 quarrels at our expense.

T. H. M. (London, E.11).—"I can't read a note of music, and I don't believe in teaching children to play." We don't see how you could teach what you don't know.

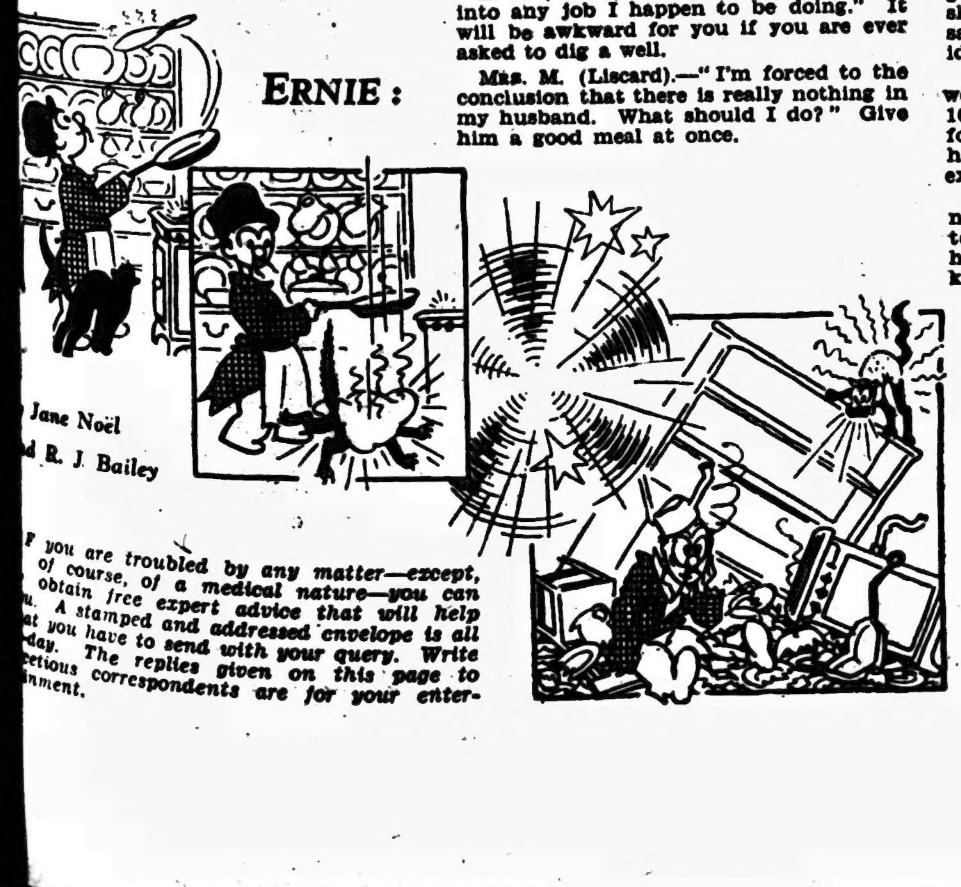
Artist (Chelsea).—"I earn a very small income, yet I am reckoned to be an exceptional sketcher." Apparently you can draw anything but the public.

Shopkeeper (Brixton).—"No business will ever flourish if customers are kept waiting." We would remind you that the Post Office profit last year was £11,000,000.

J. G. (Penzance).—"Lighthouse-keepers often do not see their wives for months at a time." Now we know the chief attraction this job has for so many men.

Sentimental (Glastonbury).—"Grandchildren and grandparents are never to be seen together nowadays." Unless by some freak of chance they happen to turn up at the same night club.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



ERNIE :

Jane Noël

d R. J. Bailey

F you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help u. A stamped and addressed envelope is all at you have to send with your query. Write day. The replies given on this page to cetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Use Kleen-e-ze BRUSHES to make a thorough job of cleaning

Our Representative will call at your home—have a free demonstration. Not sold in shops. Satisfaction guaranteed. Leaflet free.

Kleen-e-ze Brush Co. Ltd
19, HANHAM, BRISTOL

NEURALGIA

The trouble with neuralgia is that it so often strikes without a moment's warning. A man or woman may be perfectly well and cheerful, an instant later the shooting agony of neuralgia is making life a misery. Beware of taking drugs. At the best they give relief only for an hour or two, because they simply deaden the power of feeling pain. And often they upset you in some other way and make it more difficult to cure the neuralgia. The task of curing neuralgia must be left to the doctor, or perhaps the dentist, but there is quick and easy relief for anyone who simply puts 'Thermogene' where the pain is. The reason is that though neuralgia may be due to defective teeth or a generally run down condition of the system, the pain is caused by congestion round a nerve. The proper and natural way of relieving congestion is by warmth. 'Thermogene' brand of Medicated Wadding succeeds where other remedies may fail, because 'Thermogene' applies gentle warmth hour after hour. In this way—easing away the congestion with fresh supplies of clean rich blood—'Thermogene' brings relief—often in a matter of moments. 'Thermogene' costs 1/3 a packet or triple quantity 3/- (in Great Britain and Northern Ireland only) from chemists everywhere. Keep a packet always in the house in case neuralgia attacks you when the shops are shut.

COULDN'T EAT ANYTHING WITHOUT AWFUL PAINS.

One Bottle of Tablets ends all pain.

What would you say if you had suffered from indigestion and gastritis so badly that for 17 years you couldn't eat anything and then one bottle of stomach tablets ended all your pain!

Yet that's the story of Mr. W. Wooton of Snaefell Road, Blackburn. These are his own words:—"After 17 years of suffering with indigestion and gastritis Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets have done me more good than anything previously. I was wounded and gassed in December, 1916. Since then I have been troubled with a bad stomach. I could not eat anything and had awful pains day and night. A few weeks ago I purchased a box of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets and now I feel a different man altogether—the pains have gone! They are a godsend."

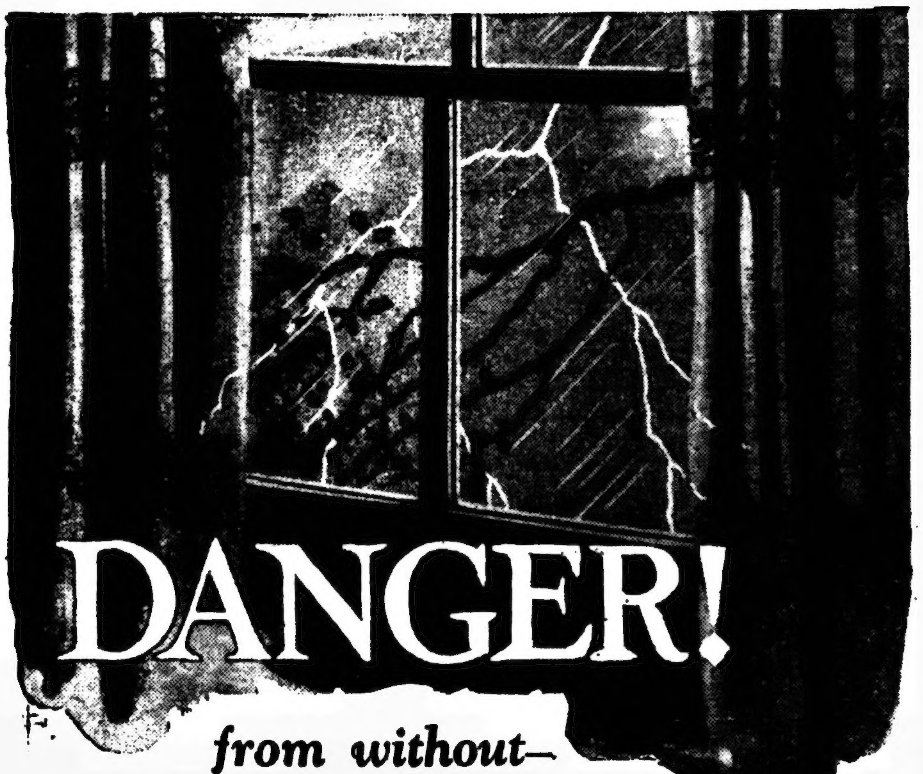
You, too, can get this blessed relief from the pain of indigestion even if you have suffered a life-time. Simply go and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets, the remedy which is restoring hundreds to health and happiness, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

The certain Cure for
CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION & BILIOUSNESS

Rid yourself of Constipation and Indigestion easily and quickly by taking Dr. Scott's famous Pills, the safe and sure remedy for all digestive troubles. Regular use for a few days will tone up the liver, stomach and digestive organs, after removing all impurities from the system. Tried and proved for over 100 years. These Pills are perfectly harmless and can be taken by delicate women and children with great benefit.

Obtainable at all Chemists at 1/3 & 3/- per Box. Prepared by W. Lambert and Co., Ltd., [illegible], Euston Road, N.W.1.

Dr Scott's Bilious & Liver Pills



from without—

and within

RAIN lashes the window, trees bow to the gale, jagged lightning stabs the darkness. Inside the little home someone, fighting a serious illness, stirs uneasily on her pillow.

Storm, Flood, Lightning—danger constantly threatens the home from without — Fire, Sickness, Accident—more danger threatens from within.

Practical proof of this is found in the records of JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance which covers the *home* in a way which is unsurpassed in generosity and practical scope.

Over 101,000 cheques have been paid under the scheme, proof that there is urgent need for everyone to see that home is properly safeguarded.

Only JOHN BULL provides benefits on account of Storm and Flood. Only JOHN BULL makes good the loss caused by Fire. Only JOHN BULL sends a welcome cheque in time of Sickness.

GENEROUS BENEFITS.

Storm and Flood—up to £300; Lightning—up to £300; Fire—up to £1,000; Sickness — up to £10 10s.; Accidents in Home and garden—up to £200; Burglary and housebreaking—up to £200. These are only a few of the benefits offered, and they are as generous as they are practical and comprehensive.

To secure them, you need only complete the forms below. A few moments with your pen—and you may have cause to be thankful for life. Do it now.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

....

.... Date..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 17/2/34

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....

Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address ....

....

....

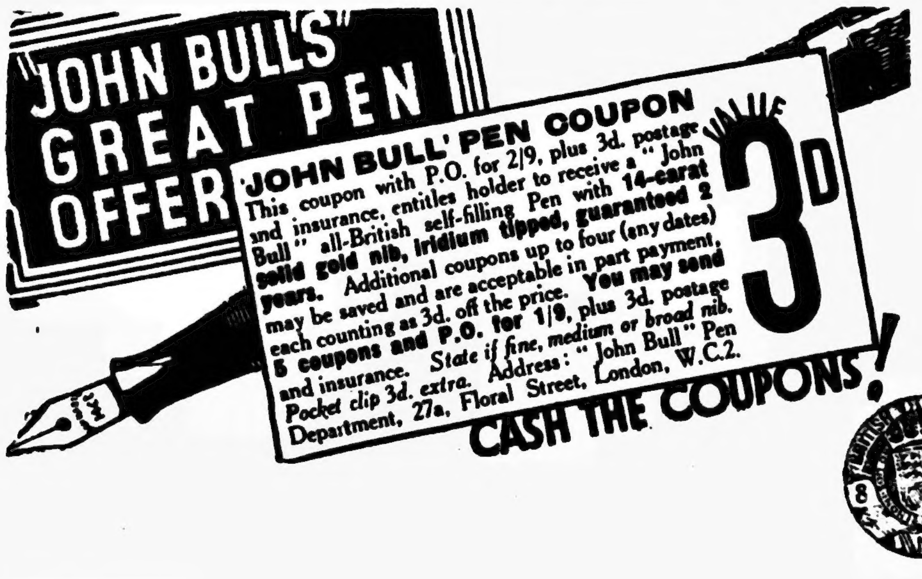
Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

....

.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 17/2/34


"JOHN BULLS" GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS!

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

WAR WIDOW'S Son Wins Her £1,500

Interview by our Special Representative

"We were so excited and overjoyed," she tells "John Bull"

WHEN a rat-tat-tat sounded at the door of her modest home at 25, Gaskell Street, Newport, one recent Friday, Mrs. M. Richards was busy.

"Drat it—I won't answer!" she said to herself, expecting the caller to be a hawker. But then she thought better of it and answered the knock. On the doorstep stood a telegraph messenger. But remembering the bad news telegrams often bring, she called her married daughter to open the envelope.

"Nina read it out," Mrs. Richards told me, "and she says I went all the colours of the rainbow! Then if I didn't leave the telegram on the top of the dresser and lose it for several minutes!"

Her daughter, I learnt, was soon rushing round with the magic wire to Lysaght's Steel Works to find a certain young man who was really the cause of all the excitement.

Though our 923rd First Prize was awarded to Mrs. Richards, you see, she owed this success entirely to her 23-year-old son William, who made up the telling *Bullet*, STILL LEADING—BRITAIN FOR "ENDURING THINGS."

"When I was out of work," Mr. Richards explained to me, "mother used to pay my entry-fees, so some of my efforts are still entered in her name.

"My husband was killed in action in 1918," his mother put in, "and it's been a hard struggle to keep going with nothing but my pension and an occasional bit of sewing."

I asked Mrs. Richards whether her choice of prize would be the £1,500 cash or the alternate of £1,000 and 30s. weekly for life, but on this point she had then made no decision.

Subsequently, I may add, Mrs. Richards notified JOHN BULL that the £1,500 in one lump sum would be more acceptable, and her cheque was despatched accordingly.

I asked Mr. Richards how he made up his *Bullet*—an effort which I believe will rank amongst the finest of 1934.

"Some weeks ago," he answered, "I came across the word 'enduring' in a novel, and wondered which of its meanings was intended by the author.

"Having studied *Bullets Bulletin* for eight months," he said, "I kept that word in mind as a useful double meaning. When I came across the *Example* STILL LEADING, it seemed obvious to put 'Britain': my double completed the *Bullet*.

"I am keeping on at *Bullets*," he assured me, "and that's what I advise other competitors to do. Learn by practice, and you'll win in the end!"

I left Mrs. Richards and her son to enjoy the rest of his day off in pleasant contemplation of what £1,500 can do. And I suggest that a few moments thinking what £1,600 could do for you will help you to make good *Bullets* when you tackle this week's *Examples*.

THIRTY RADIO GRAMOPHONES NEXT WEEK!

PRIZES VALUE £1,500 AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE, £500 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE—COMPETITION NO. 924.

Mr. E. MILLS, 4, Saltcoats Road, Bedford Park, W.

Example:—HONEST MAN

Bullet:—STANDS "SEARCHLIGHT"—SHEDS "BEAM."

£50 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

Mr. E. H. ROSSER, 124, Broadway, Treforest, Glam.

Example: Toll Of The Road

Bullet: "Ugliest" When Nature "Smiles."

(Entered on Season Ticket coupon.)

£25 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

Mr. E. THACKERAY, 11, Cairns Road, Sheffield.

Example: To Please Auntie

Bullet: Ramsay's Speeches Apparently Delivered!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£20 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

Mrs. L. LAW, Rosebank, Home, Arbroath.

Example: Brings Happiness

Bullet: Simple Pleasure, Not Simply.

£10 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

Mrs. G. REDHEAD, 18, Myers Road East, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool.

Example: Please, Mr. Chancellor

Bullet: See *Taxes* Pay *Nation*!

10 OF £5 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

G. W. ABBOTT, "Lovart," Bedford Road, Wilstead, Bedford.
Baby Needs—Ignored—*Battleship* Wants "Sister"

J. ALLON, 16, St. Matthew Street, Hull.
Way To Go—"Ticket Of Leave" Omits.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. E. HAWES, 34, Belle Vue Road, Ipswich.
He Met His Match And—Lucifer Whispered "Strike Low!"

L. HAYMAN, 14, Hayton Street, Knutsford, Ches.
Toll Of The Road—"Collect Yourself"—Don't Pay!

Miss M. JACKSON, 11, Central Avenue, Littleborough, Lancs.
Easy—Overlooking Slums, Overlooking Park.

C. H. LAWDHAM, 22, Twyford Court, London, N.
Please, Mr. Chancellor—"John's" Saved—Help "Smith"!

MACKAY, 19/2, Arundel Gardens, London, W.
The Traveller—In Happiness, "Represents Maker."

E. G. ROCK, 22, Montgomerie Road, Southsea.
She's Upset, So—Threatens Divorce—Suicide—*Mother*!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

E. STEPHENSON, 46, Stanley Street, Preston, Lancs.
She's Upset, So—Bangs About—In Silence!

F. WELLER, Rookery Lodge, Westcott, Dorking.
Toll Of The Road—*Decreased* By *Level-headed* Crossings.

10 OF £2 10s. AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

J. BARBER, 1, Foundry Place, Haverhill, Suffolk.
Well-paid Job—Through Influence? Yes—Wife's!
(Entered on Season Ticket Coupon.)

Miss W. BEECH, 4, Victoria Avenue, Saffron Walden.
To Please Auntie—Mouse Caught—and Released.

A. C. R. BEVAN, 9, Fairoak Avenue, Newport, Mon.
Baby Needs—This, That And—*Another*.

G. E. COATES, Eastnor, Ledbury.
Britannia's Servants — Or Warmongers' Lackeys, Politicians?

G. CUSWORTH, 22, Brentbridge Road, Manchester.
In The Wrong—Window, Brick—*Female* Bandit!

G. DAVAGE, 4, Orchard Street, Frome.
Honest Man—Prison Made Of *Visitor*.

A. HOPE, 7, Buckleigh Road, Streatham.
Baby Needs—Pram—Cycle—Motor—*Pram*.

B. HULME, 23, Lichfield Road, Blackpool.
His Work—Created Thirst—Thirst. Vacancy.

B. NEAL, 8, Cross Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.
Soon Forgotten—Unless Monument An Eyesore!

F. NEWMAN, 3, Gladstone Road, Acton Green, Chiswick.
In The Wrong—Light, Shadow Becomes "Monster."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Each of the above winners will also receive an added Bonus of £2 to cover cost of Wireless Licence and purchase of Records.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

SIXTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS CASH for 2, 3 or 4 words!

£1600

ALL RECORDS SHATTERED by this "Bullets" MIGHTY ONE-WEEK 1ST PRIZE

10,572 OTHER AWARDS
£100 10 of £5 · 10 of £2 10s · 50 of £1
£25 500 of 2/6 · 2000 RED SEAL "TARGETS," 8,000 TARGET PRIZES

Only One Week to Win This Staggering Cheque!

FOR the second time this year, the *Bullets* One-week Record has been shattered. Yes, all the fine seven-day offers already seen in 1934 are eclipsed to-day!

A few years ago a First Prize of £1,000 was regarded as an outstanding offer for a two-week contest. But on this page to-day, the King of Competitions dwarfs all other literary contests combined with a staggering First of £1,600 cash.

For just one week and no longer, you have within your reach for half an hour's work the earnings of several years to come. And no fewer than 10,572 other prizes are also waiting for senders of good *Bullets* within the next few days.

Get busy on your efforts this evening. But remember—if you want to win this record one-week First, your entry must be in by Saturday, February 24.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS

TO make a *Bullet*, tackle each *Example* in turn and jot down roughly the ideas which it suggests to your mind. Next, juggle with the words you have written, until your rough idea develops into a well-phrased *Bullet* unlikely to be thought of by other competitors.

Remember that your *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words neatly fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you choose the *Example*, JOB FOR THE GOVERNMENT; your first rough idea might run, *Making Budget Help Workless*. This you could easily develop into the finished *Bullet*, JOB FOR THE GOVERNMENT—HOW TO "EMPLOY SURPLUS."

Before beginning on your *Bullets*, spend ten minutes with the successful efforts in Competition No. 924 on the opposite page.

With these valuable lessons fresh in your mind, tackle the £1,600 *Examples* at once, and Friday, March 9, may bring that thrilling First Prize telegram to your door.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

JOB FOR THE GOVERNMENT
COST OF LIVING
EUROPE
LIKE A VOLCANO
LIFE OF THE PARTY
SOON FADES
WHILE THEY'RE YOUNG
CALL TO ACTION
SPRING IS COMING, SO
TO SAVE EXPENSE
DAD'S BREAKFAST
BIG BAD WOLF
MAN'S PROGRESS
WHAT LOVE CAN DO
ALL THROUGH THE DAY
IN SOLLY'S SHOP
BOUGHT AND SOLD
THE GOSSIP
NEEDS WATCHING
WOMAN v. WOMAN
ENVIOUSLY
SHOWING THE WORLD
SAY WHAT YOU LIKE, BUT
MY WAY
ARTFUL
THE RESULT
NOBODY'S BUSINESS
DEEPER AND DEEPER
HERE TO-DAY
STERN TEACHER
FIRST TIME
SLAVE TO TRADITION
WARNING BEACON
HOW SHE CAUGHT HIM
IN BROAD DAYLIGHT
SHOCK FOR THE BOOKIE

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £25-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 927 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,500 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 923 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. Painter, Corporation Road, Newport, Mon.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(927) Closing SAT., Feb. 24
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(927) Closing SAT., Feb. 24
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(927) Closing SAT., Feb. 24
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(927) Closing SAT., Feb. 24
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(927) Closing SAT., Feb. 24
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(927) Closing SAT., Feb. 24
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 927, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

They All Stopped Dancing and Exclaimed—

"What Lovely Hair!"

Marvellous Results of

'HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL'

HAIR THAT COMPELS ADMIRATION

FREE

OFFER TO ALL WHOSE HAIR IS DULL, LIFELESS SKIMPY & FALLING OUT!

Does your hair command such instant admiration—or is it Dull, Thin, Skimpy, Lifeless, and Falling Out?

Are you PROUD of your hair—or worried because it is poor and rapidly losing its good looks? If so, you should try at once the marvellous results of "Harlene-Hair-Drill."

Whether you are a man or a woman, you are invited to accept TO-DAY a magnificent 3-fold Gift of any 3 of the wonderful "Harlene" Preparations listed here. Choose which 3 you would like for YOUR hair and send for them NOW. Then you can see how quickly you, too, can possess a Thick, Luxuriant, Healthy Head of Hair which **compels** admiration.

(1) 'HARLENE'

HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh Brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! Take care of your children's hair. "Harlene" preserves, strengthens and invigorates it. 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle.

(2) 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

(3) 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. In liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

(4) 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion

Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££s on Waving Bills. 1/3 per bottle. POPULAR SIZE 7½d.

(5) 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per bottle.

(6) 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured, and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour-restorative, from chemists, 3/- and 5/- per bottle. POPULAR SIZE, 1/9.

(7) 'HARLENE' HAIR CREAM

Something new for MEN. A combined Dressing and Tonic. Improves the condition and appearance of the hair, keeps it well groomed and in position all day. Every man should try it at once. 1/1½ and 2/- per bottle.

"HARLENE" GUARANTEE

If, within one month, you may be dissatisfied with any initial purchase, return the Profit Sharing Coupon, state the date of purchase and name of your Chemist or Store, when the price paid will be refunded.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon (postage 1½d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any three "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.*

EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (*H* 975).
20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct on receipt of price, post free within the British Isles.

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